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[See page 80.

A Christian Missionary Preaching to an African Chief and His People.

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS

MODERN MARVELS IN THE HISTORY OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE :: :: ::

BY ARTHUR T. PIERSON

THIRD SERIES

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Preface, ... v

I.—How the River Godavery was Crossed, ... 11

II.—A New Pentecost in Uganda, . 23

III.—In the St. John Hospital, Beirut, 43

IV.—Work Among the Deep-Sea Fishermen, ... 64

V.—The Founding of the Barotsi Mission, ... 80

VI.—Among the Red Men of North America, ... 93

VII.—An African Saved by Grace, . 111

VIII.—The Blind Apostle of Manchuria, 132

IX.—Among the Little Waifs of London, ... 148

X.—The Open Door Into Ecuador, . 168

XI.—The Isles Waiting for God's Law, 182

XII.—The Awakening of the American Negro, ... 215

XIII.—Ramabai and the Women of India, 248

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER.

V.—A Christian Missionary Preaching to an African Chief and his People, *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE.

I.—Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D., . 11

II.—Geo. L. Pilkington in Uganda, . . 24

IV.—Fishermen on Board the Hospital Ship "Queen Victoria," 64

Giving Chloroform in the Hospital Ship "Queen Victoria," 74

VI.—Teaching Indians to Read by Characters on Birchbark, ... 100

VII.—Women Witch Doctors of South Africa, 124

VIII.—Blind Hanna and One of her Classes of Chinese Women, ... 134

The Bible for the Blind and the Sighted, 140

IX.—George Holland, "The Nestor of City Missions," 148

XI.—Dr. John G. Paton and the New Hebrides Mission Synod, ... 198

A Heathen Chief of Futuna and Epeteneto the First, ... 203

XII.—Booker T. Washington, ... 216

Molders of the Future of the American Negro, ... 228

XIII.—A Young Hindu Child Widow and her Adopted Child, ... 250

One of Ramabai's School Buildings at Poona, India, ... 260

PREFACE.

IT is thought well to issue a third series of these little sketches, encouraged by the somewhat exceptional success of the first and second series.

The fact is that, in these days of naturalism and rationalism, there is a growing sense of yearning for proofs and examples of the supernatural. Down deep in the human heart there is a craving for God. We were made for Him, and our hearts find no rest until they find in Him their center of revolution, like wandering stars wheeling into a new orbit. The mind demands a rest in settled conviction, and the heart a rest in satisfied affection, and the will a rest in a higher and dominant and beneficent will.

The history of missions is the nearest approach in modern times to the miraculous interpositions of primitive and apostolic times. And there is a reason why, if anywhere, we

may look for and expect Divine and special manifestation in the work of missions. Whatever may be thought of the ministry of the miraculous, and the fact or reason of the cessation of miracles, one thing is universally admitted, namely, that when the foundations of the Church were being laid, and the Gospel of Christ was first being authenticated as Divine, there was a particular demand and reason for convincing signs of God's sanction, to give requisite authority and affix His seal of attestation to a completed revelation. And it has been argued that, when these proofs became adequate, they were discontinued as no longer requisite. As base-blocks, huge, massive and unhewn, are needful for the foundations of a building, but neither necessary nor appropriate to the superstructure, so the miraculous works, which served, at first, to establish the claims of the Bible, of the Son of God, and of the Gospel of His salvation, became correspondingly superfluous after such confirmation had been amply supplied.

But, as Dr. A. J. Gordon used to maintain,

when and where this same Bible with its Gospel message first comes into contact with a heathen people, and therefore needs Divine sanction, we may on the same principles expect some new and striking exhibition of God's power, giving His servants boldness to speak the word by stretching forth His hand to work signs and wonders.

Whatever may be our philosophy of the facts, the facts are, to any careful and candid observer, indisputable, that, in every field of missionary labor, and usually in proportion to the previous degradation and deadness of the people, the marvels of the apostolic age have had a parallel in a wonder-working of God that left no doubt who it was that was behind the phenomena.

Of this class of facts these brief sketches, carefully prepared to avoid all inaccuracy, misstatement, and overstatement, are both demonstrations and illustrations. They are but handfuls gathered from a wide harvest field, and gleanings behind reapers who have in more ponderous sheaves already given their

testimony. These sketches are brief, and purposely so, because they are meant for many who can not command time or means to explore more bulky volumes. And the variety of the fields from which these stories of missionary heroism and reward are gathered, will serve to show how wide and varied also is the Divine coworking with His faithful and consecrated servants.

There is another marked feature of these narratives to which attention may be called. They are unique in this, that they belong wholly to the realm of *Gospel* triumph. Christianity may very safely challenge any other sort of work besides preaching the Gospel, to produce such ample proofs of God's cooperation. There is but one all-subduing force. It is love, and not *human* love either, but the love of God, and the love of man, as it is perfected only in His love. The Gospel message is to-day proving itself the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Nothing else does or ever did work such results. This is the hammer of

God to break the hardest heart; this is the fire of God to melt and subdue and fuse all elements of opposition; this is the sword of God to thrust deep and cut in pieces the rebellious will; this is the rod of God, that has only to be stretched out and miracles follow; it swallows all other rods, and alone blossoms with Divine life.

These sketches have first been published in the MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD. They are here gathered out and gathered together, not only to make them more easy of access, but especially that, associated in one volume, they may mutually illustrate each other's central lesson, that the Lord God of Elijah still lives, and that he who can use the mantle in faith, to smite the waters, will still find that they part before the more than magic charm of that all-powerful name, JEHOVAH, GOD!

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

127 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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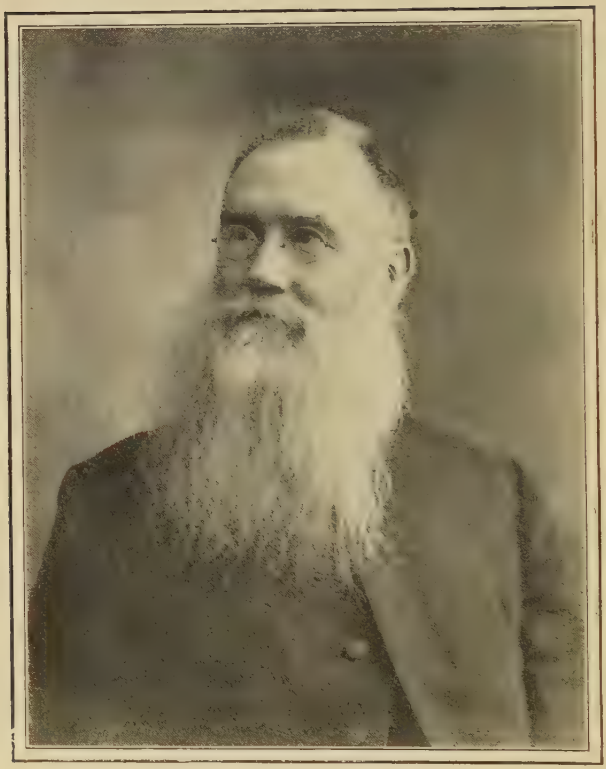


Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D.

THE MIRACLES OF MISSIONS.

No. I.

How The River Godavery was Crossed.

N that charming book, "In The Tiger Jungle,"* that master of missionary narratives, Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, of Madanapalle, India, records a most impressive instance of answered prayer, which suggests what an encyclopedia of prayer might be gathered, if the scattered instances of God's remarkable dealings could be brought into one volume.

Of course, the whole body of Christian history is a volume of testimony on this subject; but, in many cases, the answers of God can be traced only by a *believer*, for they are realized only *in the plane of faith and not of sight*,

* Fleming H. Revell Co.

and can be seen and known only to those who live on that higher level. Augustine's mother, Monica, besought God that her wayward and skeptical son might not go to Rome, where his temptations would be so much the more seductive; nevertheless it was that very going to Rome, which led to his being sent as teacher of rhetoric to Milan, where he heard Ambrose, the bishop, by whose preaching and personal influence he was converted. God denied the spoken prayer of Monica that He might grant her heart's desire. So there are many prayers which are not granted in form that they may be in fact, by the fulfilment of that deeper yearning of which the request is the mistaken expression. And so it comes to pass that many an answer is found in God's apparent silence or refusal. Disappointment becomes "His appointment"—and the trusting soul, living in the high plane of faith, finds an answer in that lofty altitude, though, on a lower level, none is to be seen.

Dr. Chamberlain himself frankly says of one of his remarkable experiences: "I do not

give this as a sample of what usually occurs on our preaching tours. God does not often lift the veil; He bids us walk by faith not by sight. We often meet with opposition, or worse still, with indifference. We often wail with Isaiah, 'Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?' But now and then God sees fit to raise one corner of the veil and let us *see* what may occur in scores of scattered villages, of which we shall for the first time learn when we meet those redeemed ones in the land where all is known."

But, to return from this digression, the instance now to be given of prayer, answered in a very obvious and recognizable manner, encourages faith to trust where there is no such obvious and visible answer; for the answer is as sure in every case. It would not be well for the discipline of faith to have the interposition of God always too manifest; we should walk too much by sight, if we had the seen to depend on; and it is the hiding of God's power behind apparent disappointment and

failure that trains faith to uniform and undoubting trust.

Dr. Chamberlain graphically tells how, in September, 1863, he was going on a long pioneer journey into Central India, where no missionary had ever gone before. It required a tour of twelve hundred miles on horseback, and four or five months' time, and was fraught with great peril, from jungle fever, and still worse jungle tigers. But this heroic missionary fortified himself by remembering the command, "Go ye unto all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and the accompanying assurance, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age." Duty called, and the promise was the shield of defense.

The crisis of the journey is the point with which we are now mainly concerned. The travelers had reached the farthest northern point, up among the mountain gonds (or khonds), who for centuries offered human sacrifices; and they had turned to go back by another route. They expected to find a

government steamer, when they struck the Pranheta River, an affluent of the great Godavery. But the heavy torrents of the monsoon had made the Godavery a stream of tumultuous waters, three miles wide. The steamer, in attempting to stem that fierce current, had broken its machinery and could not come to their aid. There was now no way out of their trouble but to march through the seventy-five miles of that deadly jungle, dare its fever and the tigers, and, at the foot of the second cataract, reach the next steamer.

The adventures of Dr. Chamberlain and his party were thrilling, deserted as they were by the whole force of coolies, armed guard and all, in the midst of an uninhabited district. Desperate but successful efforts were made to get across the wild flood of the Godavery, and a fresh start was made with another force of coolies, and the new caravan struck once more into the jungle, amid perils and exposures so great that only by intimidation could even those hardy men be compelled to go forward. At last a new and seemingly insurmountable

obstacle lay in their way. Two huntsmen crossed their track, from whom they learned that the backwater of the Godavery flood, thirty feet higher than usual, had made unfordable the affluents beyond which lay their only safe resting-place for the night. And to their further inquiries the answer was returned, that there was neither boat nor raft, nor any floating material to make a raft, whereby to cross to the knoll, where they had purposed to encamp. The party were even then standing in the wet and mud, as they surveyed their hopeless plight. The royal guides and native preachers, who were in the party, were disheartened and at their wit's end; and the fierce, hungry roar of the tigers could be heard about them as the night began to fall.

At this point Dr. Chamberlain rode apart to commit the whole case to Him who hath said:

> Call upon Me in the day of trouble!
> I will deliver thee
> And thou shalt glorify Me."

This was the substance of that prayer in the greatest strait of his life:

"Master, was it not for Thy sake that we came here? Did we not covenant with Thee for the journey through? Have we not faithfully preached Thy name the whole long way? Have we shirked any danger, or have we quailed before the foe? Didst Thou not promise, 'I will be with Thee?' Now we need Thee. We are in blackest danger for this night. Only Thou canst save us from this jungle, these tigers, this flood. O, Master, Master, show me what to do!"

An answer came, says Dr. Chamberlain, not audible but distinct, as though spoken in his ear by human voice: "*Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue.*"

It was a mile to the river. Its banks were all overflowed, and there was no village within many miles, nor any mound or rising ground on which to camp. So said the guides. Again the leader of the caravan rode apart, and lifted to God another prayer; and again came that inner voice, unmistakable in its impression on

spiritual senses, then supernaturally on the alert, "Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue." Again he consulted his guides, but only to meet new opposition. It would take half an hour to make the experiment of reaching the river bank, and they would only lose just so much precious time, and have to come back to the jungle after all, leaving them so much less strength to press forward to a bluff six hours further on, and it would be dark by that time, and then—the tigers!

With the deeper darkness of despair falling on the whole company, again Dr. Chamberlain rode apart for prayer. Once more that inexplicable inner response, heard only by that praying soul, came with thrilling distinctness. "*It is God's answer to my prayer*," said Dr. Chamberlain. "I can not doubt. I must act, and that instantly."

And so he called a halt, and, against all remonstrance, commanded the column to wheel about sharp to the left, and take the shortest way to the river. Only the sight of that four-

teen-inch revolver in the leader's hand sufficed to turn that column toward the Godavery's flood. To the native preachers who looked up into his face as though to ask a solution of these strange movements, Dr. Chamberlain could only respond, "There is rescue at the river." The word went round among the coolies, "The dhora has heard of some help at the river." He had, indeed, heard of help, but it was all as much a mystery to him as to them in what form that help was to be found; and yet the peace of God possessed him. Anxiety was somehow gone, and in its place a strange, intense expectancy.

Just before reaching the river, Dr. Chamberlain cantered ahead, all his senses keenly observant. And, as he emerged from the dense undergrowth of bushes, there, *right at his feet, lay a large flat-boat, tied to a tree at the shore*—a large flat-boat, with strong railings along both sides, with square ends to run upon the shore. It had been built by the British military authorities, in troublous times, to ferry over artillery and elephants, but it

belonged at a station high up on the north bank of the Godavery.

Two men were trying to keep the boat afloat in the tossing current.

"How came this boat here?" said the doctor.

They, taking him to be a government official who was calling them to account, begged him not to be angry with them, and protested that that they had done their best to keep the boat where it belonged, but declared that it seemed to them possessed. A huge rolling wave had swept down the river, snapped the cables, and driven the boat before it. Despite their best endeavors, it had been carried further and further from its moorings into the current and down stream; they said they had fought all day to get it back to the other shore, but it seemed as though some supernatural power were shoving the boat over the river; and an hour before, they had given up, let it float to its present position, and then tied it to a tree. Again they begged that they might not be punished for what they could not help.

Dr. Chamberlain, who was clothed with full authority to use any government property required on the journey, took possession, of course, and astonished the whole party who now came in sight, by pointing to a means both of safety and transportation, which no human foresight could have improved. "Who was it?"—says the grateful missionary pioneer—"who had ordered that tidal wave in the morning of that day, which had torn that boat from its moorings, and driven it so many miles down the river and across from the north to the south bank, and that had thwarted every endeavor of the frightened boatmen to force it back to the north shore, and had brought it to the little cove-like recess, just at that point where we would strike the river? Who, but He on whose orders we had come; He who had said, 'I will be with you;' He who knew beforehand the dire straits in which we would be in that very place, on that very day, that very hour; He who had thrice told me distinctly, 'Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue?' I bowed my head,

and in amazed reverence thanked my God for this signal answer to my pleading prayer."

This answer needed no watcher high upon the mountain top to see the divine interposition. Not only the native preachers reverently said, "God has heard our call in our trouble and delivered us," but the guides and even coolies were struck dumb with amazement that the "dhora" should know of that boat being there and come right out upon it. They were certain that they had no knowledge of such a rescue, and that they could not have found it.

Dr. Chamberlain closes his sketch of that pivotal and critical day with these solemn words:

"Nothing can equal the vivid consciousness we had that day of the presence of the Master; nothing can surpass the vividness of the certitude that God did intervene to save us. Some who have not tested it may sneer and doubt; *but we five know that God hears prayer.*"

No. II.

A New Pentecost in Uganda.

NO greater proof of a Living God is presented by the history of missions than the frequent, sudden, overwhelming experiences of Holy Spirit power in the communities where the Gospel has been newly preached. The wonders of apostolic days seem reproduced.

The case of George L. Pilkington, of Uganda, and the native church in that land, presents an instance in point.

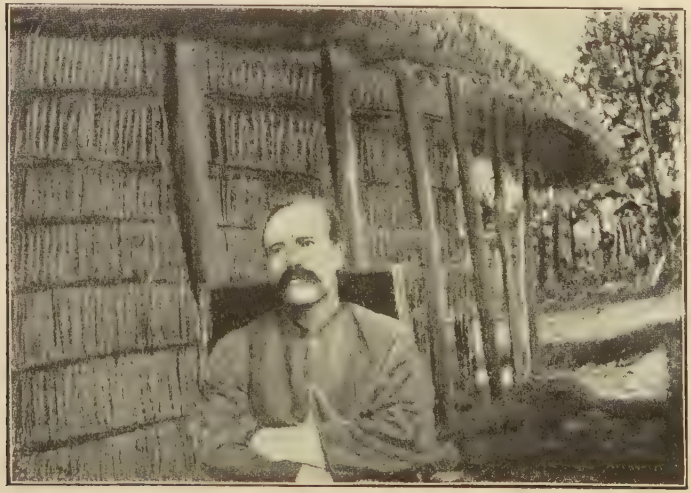
Referring to his own need of the Spirit he says:

"If it had not been that God enabled me after three years in the mission field to accept by faith the gift of the Holy Spirit, I should have given up the work. I could not have gone on as I was then. A book by David, the Tamil evangelist, showed me that my life

was not right, that I had not the power of the Holy Ghost. I had consecrated myself hundreds of times, but I had not accepted God's gift. I saw now that God commanded me to be filled with the Spirit. Then I read: "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them and ye shall have them" (Mark xi: 24, R. V.), and claiming this promise I received the Holy Spirit.

"I distinguish between the presence of the Holy Spirit *with* us and *in* us; our blessed Lord said to His disciples, "He abideth *with* you and shall be *in* you." John xiv: 17.

"He that believeth on me, out of his belly *shall* flow rivers (not a stream or a simple river) of living water. Greater works than these shall ye do because I go unto the Father." What are these rivers, and where are these mighty works? We must ask rather, where is "he that believeth on Him? Surely, He is not unfaithful to a single line of His promise. What wonder that infidelity abounds when the worst infidelity of all is in our hearts! What wonder if popery increases,



George L. Pilkington in Uganda.

when we have dethroned the Holy Spirit from our hearts!"

About this same time a great desire arose for mission services to be held in Uganda. In the absence of special missioners from abroad, it occurred to the missionaries that God wanted to use them, and all in prayer newly dedicated themselves to Him, and asked Him to baptize them anew. This was December 8, 1893.

That very morning they began. They had not told the people, but went up after prayer, at the usual time, believing for a blessing. Mr. Pilkington conducted the meeting. They sang

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?

and Mr. Pilkington prayed, and then spoke of a very sad case which had indirectly led to the conviction that there was need of such meetings, and of some new power coming down from God on the native church and even on the missionaries. A certain Musa Yakuganda had come to the missionaries and asked to have his name given out as having *returned to the state of a heathen.* The reason he gave

was startling. He said: "I get no profit from your religion." Being asked if he knew what he was saying, he replied: "Do you think I have been reading seven years and do not understand? Your religion does not profit me at all. I have done with it." This case was dwelt on by Mr. Pilkington, who pointed out what a cause of shame and reproach it was to the missionaries. The sense of need of the deeper and fuller life and power of the Spirit took strong hold on the missionary preachers and teachers. First of all they were humbled before God; then blessing came to the whole native church. On two occasions hundreds were all praying for forgiveness, while others were in the simplest language praising God. The meeting, which began at 8.30 A.M., did not close till 12, and then another service began in the church directly.

Each morning fully five hundred were present, and they all found themselves in the midst of a great spiritual revival, and their joy was beyond expression. At the after meetings two hundred were waiting for individual deal-

ing. Among others who were the fruits of this work was that same Musa who had asked his name to be announced as having gone back to heathenism. Great chiefs in the land boldly confessed their wish to accept Christ, and one, who had been a leading teacher and suspended for misconduct, acknowledged, in the presence of the king and his pages, that he had not before accepted the Lord Jesus as his Savior, but did so then. The missionaries appointed the week following the mission services as a time for special meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life.

Those wonderful three days, Dec. 8–10, 1893, will never be forgotten. They were the signal for years of blessing, pentecostal in character and wonderful in results. First of all God had brought the missionaries to humble themselves, feel their need, and seek larger blessing—to be filled with the Spirit. Then they were led to confess to the native church their previous lack of faith, of power, and of prayer, and to ask God for forgiveness. Then came similar humiliations and confessions

among the native converts of Uganda. Many who had been looked upon as leading disciples began to see their lack also, and to realize a new force and power in their Christian experience. In fact, such a spirit of confession and humiliation was poured out on the native church, and such secret sins came to light in this great upturning, and uncovering of hidden things, that the missionaries felt called on to restrain these public confessions, lest they should bring too great reproach on the name of Christ, and the awakened backsliders were counseled to seek the brethren for private confession, and prayer before God.

It was particularly noticeable how the conversions and reclamations were almost invariably connected with *knowledge of the Word of God.* At the Liverpool Conference in 1896, Mr. Pilkington said:

"The power to read the Bible is the key to the kingdom of God. With the exception of one case, I have never known *any one to profess Christ who could not read.*"

Throughout this great revival in Uganda,

God has thus put special and very remarkable emphasis upon the Holy Scriptures as the means both of the new birth and the new quickening in spiritual life. A plan was adopted of erecting *reading houses*, or, as the people called them, "synagogi," where native teachers could instruct the people under the supervision of more experienced workers. The system was fully organized and became a *leading feature* of the work. It was the means of causing the revival which had started in the capital to spread that same year far and wide through the various outlying stations.

By April 1, 1894, between thirty and forty teachers had offered themselves for such service in the country districts, and thirteen were solemnly sent out on one Sunday, and seven more the next week. Shortly word came from the islands of an enormous increase of "reading." A spirit of new inquiry was found, even among Roman Catholics and Moslems. In the autumn of 1894, before the church at Mengo fell in a great storm, at least 2,000 were assembling every week-day morn-

ing, and in the 200 country churches some 7,000 more, and on Sundays 20,000 in the various places of meeting. Of these, 6,000 were in classes, under regular instruction; and this great work, reaching out over a circle of territory three hundred miles in diameter, and nearly one thousand in circumference, had to be directed by only twelve Europeans, who worked with the double hindrance of an imperfect knowledge of the language, and constant liability to fever. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the work so rapidly extended that, when, in December, the year 1894 was reviewed, some such results as the following were obvious as signs of God's moving:

When the year began the number of country churches, reading rooms, or synagogi, did not exceed twenty; at the close of the year there were ten times that number, and the ten largest would hold 4,500 persons. Exclusive of the capital, there were on week days not less than 4,000, and on Sundays, 20,000 hearers of the Gospel. The first teachers, paid by the native church, went forth in April, and in December

there were 131 of these, in 85 stations, twenty of which, being outside Uganda proper, were in a sense foreign mission stations. Even these figures can not represent the whole work, nor does this number embrace all the teachers, twenty of whom, not reckoned in the above number, were at work at Jungo. At Bu'si also, an island near Jungo, there were three churches, and 2,000 people under instruction. The "readers" ordinarily became catechumens, and the catechumens, candidates for baptism. In 1893 the catechumens numbered 170; during the year 1894 some 800 were baptized, and 1,500 catechumens remained. The movement, so far from having expended its force, seemed not yet to have reached its height, and there was every evidence that an enormous accession would yet come, as was the case.

Mr. Pilkington went to England on furlough, in the summer of 1895, and electrified the audiences he addressed by his stirring account of the dealings of God with the Uganda mission. Nothing was more noticeable in

his addresses than the emphasis he laid on this fact, that the *first step* in this vivification of the church in Uganda was that *the missionaries and teachers themselves were led to just views of their own deep need;* to see the absolute necessity for personal consecration, and for the experience of a direct and supreme work of the Holy Spirit in themselves.

Here, then, we have another mighty argument for seeking, with a desperate sense of helplessness and with a confident faith in God's promise, Holy Ghost power. Not to Mr. Pilkington and his fellow-workers only was this indispensable, but the whole native church of Uganda owes the almost unparalleled movement of the last decade of years to the new enduements of power which proved to these missionaries such a divine equipment for their work.

It was this outpouring of Holy Spirit power whereby the native evangelists do grand work in Uganda,—another proof that Africa is to be ultimately evangelized by Africans, and that the office of missionaries from America and

Europe is to raise up a native church, with trained native teachers. In Uganda, as in many other parts of the heathen world, the people can follow but can not lead, and some one from outside must lead and organize.

A few examples of the efficiency of these Waganda evangelists will suffice as representative cases.

A missionary visiting a small island in the lake two or three years ago, found but one person who could read at all. Two teachers were sent, and, after nine months, sixty were reading the Gospel. Two teachers were sent to another island, and in a year one very rude church building, that even when uncomfortably full could hold but one hundred, had multiplied into four, one of which would hold seven hundred; the original congregation of a hundred had multiplied tenfold, and fifty or more had been baptized.

On the large island of Sese all the chiefs are Roman Catholics. Yet there are some three hundred and twenty Protestants, nicknamed "The people of the Holy Ghost,"

which, like the nickname "Christians" at Antioch, is an honor, not a reproach; and these disciples, ignorant as they are, evince a like readiness with the early Christians to face opposition and persecution for His name, and nowhere has a greater desire for "reading" been shown.

The educational value of the reading of God's Word has been very noticeable in Uganda. The very physiognomy of the people seems to have been modified by it, so that it is almost possible to distinguish a reader by his outward appearance. The *reality of God* seems to impress itself on the native mind more forcibly by this daily poring over the pages of the New Testament, at first mechanically and almost blindly, then with eyes partially opened to catch a glimpse or a glimmering of the meaning, until, with another illuming touch of God, the Divine message of love is intelligently grasped. Sometimes the impression is like a driven nail clinched and fastened by a sermon, or a prayer service, or the faithful words of a friend. What a lesson

God is thus teaching us all as to the honor and value He sets on His own Word, and this at a time when, more than ever before, even professed Christian teachers in Christian lands seem bent on lowering in the public mind the sense of the dignity and majesty of the Heavenly message. At first those Waganda who hear these words find them unintelligible; such terms as sin and salvation, love and faith, convey little meaning to minds that have been cast in the narrow and cramped mold of heathenism. But, as they hear and read, Scripture interprets itself, and under the light of the Spirit they get totally new ideas of Divine mysteries.

The outcome of this Holy Spirit revival in Uganda can not be measured; only from the Spirit comes the clear vision of Divine truth, as well as the inward experience of Divine life. And in the native preachers there has been developed remarkable spiritual discernment and power in presenting truth.

A preacher at Mengo said in his sermon that "to form a judgment of man's deserts,

man's way is to put into one scale his evil deeds and vices, and into the other his virtues and religious observances; but that *God's* way in such a case would be to put *both these into the same debit scale.*" This native preacher had learned that rudimental truth, hidden from many of the wise and prudent, that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," and that the only hope of justification is that the perfect obedience of our adorable Lord, Jesus Christ, shall be placed in the credit scale, and so overbalance and outweigh our evil and selfish deeds.

Another preacher, discriminating between inward heart piety on one hand and outward religious observances on the other, used the following apt and original simile:

"Religion may be compared to a banana (the natural food of the Baganda). The real heart religion is the juicy pulp; the forms and ceremonies are the skin. While the two are united and undivided the banana keeps good until it is used. And so it is with religion. Separate the forms from the spirit, and the one

will be of no more value than the banana husk, while the latter will speedily decay and become corrupt, apart from the outward expression. Observances have their value in protecting the holy germ within, and fostering the feelings of the heart."

This discourse had its suggestion in a certain spirit of insubordination, which sought to rebel against the ordinances of the church. But as Mr. Pilkington asks, "What European teacher could have used such a simile?"

Another native preacher, referring to Romish teaching, said:

"No poisoner gives poison meat if he would remain undiscovered. The devil knows that. He has two devices; he will do one of two things; first try to deprive you of the food, and if he can not, he will corrupt it."

Pilkington before British hearers pleaded earnestly for a sufficient force to take possession of this great opportunity in Uganda—for a hundred additional missionaries, men and women filled with the Holy Ghost, as organizers and leaders for native workers, at least ten of whom

could master, and then translate into, the native tongues; and with rare insight into the true philosophy of missions he urged a *new policy of occupation*. He contended that the only true method of distributing missionary workers is to send a large force when and where *a desire for instruction and an aggressive missionary spirit have been strongly developed among the native converts*, instead of sending the bulk of missionary force to places where there is neither desire for teachers nor a missionary spirit. His argument was that the ultimate outcome of the former method will be far the greater in good. For instance, he said, after ten years little or no impression will have been made on the indifferent and hostile community, and this begets depression among the workers and in the church at home. Whereas, if the work at the field where God's Spirit had been outpoured, were reenforced, it would so progress as to become a source of wide influence; a strong native church would be developed with a large force of native evangelists, and thus the fire God has kindled is carried to the other field

and transferred to this other center. The result is encouragement both among the missionary band abroad, and the supporters at home.

So strongly did this plea affect his hearers and the readers of his addresses that, for example, the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in India asked the society, when it could be done, to send candidates, offering to go to India, to Uganda, for the time being, instead, to avail themselves of the exceptional opening in that field, the growing conviction being that God's singular blessing in any particular field is a signal for a special reenforcement at that time of the force at work there.

Mr. Pilkington gave, in Britain, a vivid picture of the Uganda work in the shape of four consecutive scenes, afterward issued in pamphlet form, and called "The Gospel in Uganda," the substance of which is as follows:

A hundred thousand souls brought into close contact with the Gospel, half of them able to read for themselves; two hundred build-

ings raised by native Christians, in which to worship and read the Word of God; two hundred native evangelists and teachers wholly supported by the native church; ten thousand New Testaments in circulation; six thousand souls seeking instruction daily; numbers of candidates for baptism, confirmation, and of adherents and teachers, more than doubling each year for six or seven years, and God's power shown by their changed lives—and all these results in the very center of the world's thickest spiritual darkness and death shade!

This was in 1896, and later reports eclipse even this.

The changes wrought by the Gospel in Uganda can be appreciated only by setting in sharp contrast the state of things in 1880 and in 1895.

Old Isaiah, "the good-natured giant," will tell how three hundred brothers and cousins of the king were penned within the narrow limits of the dike, still visible by the road-side, two or three miles north of Mengo, and by his orders left there to starve to death!

A boy of fifteen lost sight of a goat he was herding, and his master cut off his ear. For a trifling misdemeanor both eyes were gouged out. An unfortunate courtier accidentally trod on the king's mat, and paid the penalty with his life. The king, simply to support his royal dignity, ordered the promiscuous slaughter of all who happened to be standing on his right and left hand, or all who might be met on the streets at a certain time, by a band sent out for the purpose of such slaughter. Should a remonstrance be made against killing the innocent, the answer would be, "If I only kill the guilty, the innocent will not respect me." Women and children were sold into hopeless slavery and misery. Spirits were believed in, feared, propitiated, and worshiped. Charms were worn; woman was a beast of burden, etc.

Christ and his Gospel has changed all this. Domestic slavery no longer has any legal status, and any slave may claim freedom, and this claim will be honored. Woman takes her place by man's side. Conversion has

brought victory over vicious habits; cruelty is seen to be cruelty, and around the Lord's table gather from time to time those who were once darkness, but now light in the Lord, "washed, sanctified, justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

No. III.

In the St. John Hospital, Beirut.

EFORE the World's Missionary Conference in Exeter Hall, London, in 1888, there was given the most remarkable testimony to medical missions which we have ever heard. It ought to have a wider circulation, and we embrace it in this volume that many more readers may have access to it. We have not known any other address on the subject which is comparable with it.

Dr. George E. Post, of Beirut, Syria, said:

I shall take you at once to the forefront of the battle, and try to give you a series of living pictures of medical mission work in the field. Imagine yourselves with me to-day in a room which will hold about two hundred people, in the city of Beirut; within the enclosure of the hospital of the Knights of

St. John, belonging to the German order, of which Prince Albrecht is the president, and to which the emperor and the greater part of the nobility of Germany belong. The day is Christmas; the occasion is the celebration of their annual festival for the benefit of the patients in the hospital. Imagine to yourselves in the middle of this room a Christmas tree decked out as you deck it out for your festival in this land, or rather, if you please, as the Germans, with their exquisite tastes and with their fervent feelings with regard to this day, deck their Christmas trees.

Imagine to yourselves the patients assembling and grouping themselves about this tree, while on the chairs around the edges of the room is a select company of English, Americans, Germans, French, and Arabs, natives of the country and people of other nationalities, gathered to witness the spectacle. And while they are assembling I will try to describe to you the *personnel* and the history of some of those patients.

The first whom we see before us is a little

boy of seven years of age. That boy is a Jew. We rarely get Jews into our hospital. You know how it was in the days of Christ, that the Jews were attending to pots and pans and brazen vessels, and days and weeks and months and years, and that they forgot the weightier matters of the law. They forgot the essence of religion. So they are at this day: they are all bent upon externals. They are afraid if they come to our hospital that we will give them the uneatable flesh; they are afraid we will give them flesh which would be canonical, but which has not been killed according to their law. This little boy is very ill, he needs the hospital; he is so young that they think he, perhaps, can not be harmed; he is not yet initiated into the secrets of religion. I do not know how it is, but there he is. We sometimes do get Jewish children. He is going to hear about Jesus Christ — the first time in his life that he has ever heard the Gospel of Christ.

Just behind this Jewish boy sits an old man with a venerable presence, a long white beard,

a turban, a girdle about his loins, and a loose flowing robe. Whom do you suppose that man to be? Why, he is a lineal descendant of the great Saladin. He is proud of his lineage. But here he is, in our hospital, a Mohammedan. A month ago if I had gone to his house he would have driven me away as a Christian dog. But now, as he comes into this room, he seizes my hand, covers it all over with kisses, and bows himself to my very feet. What led him to bow down to that Christian dog? That dog gave him the use of his eyes. He came there blind, and now he sees. And here he sits at the feet of Jesus, with his eyes opened and his ears ready to receive the message of the Gospel.

By his side there is a woman with a long white veil over her face. You see but one eye. She wears a blue dress. She has a little babe in her arms; but look at her arms: the hands are gone. That woman is a Druse woman. She was sitting in her house in the mountains, warming her hands over the fire in the center of the floor. They have no chimneys there—

in many of the houses they have no windows. They let the smoke go out of the door. Well, as she was sitting there warming her hands, some earth and stones and sticks fell from the roof and pinioned her hands in the fire, and her hands were burned to a crisp. She came down to our hospital, and we were obliged to amputate both of her hands. Poor woman, that is not the worst of it. Her husband has divorced her. A Druse has only to say to his wife, "Go home," and with no process of law it is all finished for her. But she has come down with that poor babe, and we have been kind to her; we have treated her; she has seen those dear sisters take that babe in their arms and lull it to sleep. They have read the Bible to her, and her heart has been touched. And now she sits there before that tree, which is the emblem of the love of Christ, and she is going to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Just on the other side is another man, with a long beard and a green turban. That man is a descendant of Mohammed. Where do you suppose he came from? He came from He-

bron; he is the guardian of the sacred tomb of Machpelah, and has had charge of the bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah. He is a very bigoted Mohammedan. He would not let you go even into the outer precincts of that sacred tomb, nor let you look through the bars where those blessed ashes repose. No man has been allowed to go into the innermost recesses of that most sacred place. The very boys of Hebron would stone you away if you attempted to go near their mosque. What brought him here? Sickness. He was blind. He came to this hospital, and the dog that he would have spat upon is the man that gave him the use of his two eyes. And he will now give his heart and his attention to the medical missionary as he preaches the Gospel to him.

Again, off on one side there is a man clothed in a long blue robe. He has a peculiar hat on his head—a turban of a peculiar character, and a long black veil trailing down his back. That man is an Armenian priest. We sometimes talk about 'the Apostolic Church,'

but that man believes that his Church is before the Apostolic Church. He says they got their Church direct from Jesus Christ. He says their king sent a message to Jesus Christ, and received a letter in reply setting forth the principles of the Christian religion; and he laughs to scorn all our pretensions of antiquity. His is the true and ancient Church of Christ? But here he is. He is to hear of a Church more ancient than his, the Evangelical Church, the Church which Christ and His apostles founded in deed and in truth.

On the right hand is a Bedouin from Palmyra. He had a blood feud with some of his comrades, and they shot him in the side. The bullet entered the chest. An untrained native practitioner there very rightly wished to drain the wound, but very unskilfully rolled up a piece of rag and put it into the wound to keep it open; and, as he did not take care to prevent it slipping in, it slipped in. Then the next day he put in another, and that also slipped in. Then he kept on putting another in day after day, until there was a mass there as big as my

fist. The poor man began to cough and grew thin, and he almost died. They heard of this hospital in Beirut, and they heard of somebody who dared to perform operations on cases like that. They brought him all the way from Palmyra—it is four days' journey from Palmyra to Damascus, and three days' journey from Damascus to Beirut. They brought him on a camel to Damascus, and then on a mule from Damascus to Beirut. I laid open his side; there was a great ghastly wound. I took out that great mass, and I could look in and see the action of his lungs, and could see clear to the spinal column. That man has got well. People held it to be a miracle, but it was not a miracle of mine, but a miracle of modern science, and modern science is a miracle of Christianity. That man never heard of the Gospel of Christ before. He was a Bedouin Arab. He hardly had heard of Christ, except in terms of reproach. But he sits down here to hear all about the Gospel.

Here is a poor woman. She can not sit up, but is lying on a bed, and has been brought

down on a stretcher. She had a brute of a husband who struck her in the chest, and disease of the bone followed. He struck her right over her heart, and the ribs and costal cartilages were affected. A great plate of dead bone and cartilage had to be removed, and for the first and only time in my life I looked inside a woman's heart. I laid the four fingers of my hand over the pericardium, and felt every motion of the mechanism of the heart—a thing I never saw or heard of before. She got well. That again was a miracle, not of mine, but of science, and of Christianity, which underlies science. She is here to hear of the Gospel of Christ.

Shall I describe them all? They are gathered from Jerusalem, from Bagdad, from Tuat in the Great Sahara, from Turkestan in Central Asia, from the headwaters of the Euphrates and the Tigris, from every village in Lebanon, from Palestine, from Cyprus, from Asia Minor—they are gathered into this hospital, and there they receive the gifts of healing. Now here they are, gathered

about this Christmas tree, with these sweet sisters, like presiding angels, going to and fro among them; and there are the presents on the tree. Each one has a garment or a book, and the children some toys; and the gingerbread and candy and oranges are not forgotten. Everything is ready. And here is a little choir of the Deaconesses' Orphan School, which is just down the street. They come up every Sunday to our service, and at the time of our Christmas tree they come to sing to us.

They open the book and sing about the child Jesus. Then the German pastor gets up and offers a prayer. Then the English pastor makes some remarks to the audience gathered about him; and then the doctor, who has stood by their side, who has held the terrible knife over them—but thanks be to God they were under the influence of an anesthetic that robbed it of its terrors—and who has stood by their bedside and watched them through the crisis of the fever, and who has smiled as he saw returning health and strength—he stands now before them to preach the Gospel of

Christ. Christian brethren, I do not believe in letting down the Gospel to anybody. The Lord Jesus Christ made the Gospel as simple, as elementary, and as possible for every man to accept as it can be made, and if we present it as Jesus gave it to us it will go home to the heart. I am not afraid to stand up before that Mohammedan, that descendant of Saladin, and preach Christ and Him crucified.

Now understand one thing, that under no circumstances can a missionary, worthy of the name, be ever induced to say anything that would wound the susceptibilities or grieve the heart of one of his heathen or Mohammedan auditors. That is not necessary. They tell the story of a judge in Aleppo. He had but one eye. A person was condemned to prison, as he thought, unjustly. He rose before the judge and said: "O, one-eyed judge, I am imprisoned here on a false accusation; and I tell you, O, one-eyed judge, that this man who has testified against me has received a bribe; and O, one-eyed judge, if I do not get justice, I will report this case to the pasha; and if the

pasha do not do justice, O, one-eyed judge, I will report it to the sultan himself." The judge rose from his seat in a rage and said: "Take the man back to prison. I won't hear him plead before me and call me forever a one-eyed judge." Well, we never go to these people and talk to them about the "false" prophet. That is not the way to begin. We preach Christ and Him crucified. Now we have a great substratum of common thought and feeling with these people. Remember that that sacred Book which we have as our title-deed to heaven is their sacred Book too. In a hundred places in the Koran Mohammedans are told that they must revere the Towrat (Torah), which is the law, and Zubar, which is the Psalms, and includes the poetical and historical books, and the Enjel, which is the New Testament of Jesus Christ. It is no matter if some of these people say that those books have been interpolated or changed; that we need not concern ourselves with. We tell them of this Torah which is spoken of in our Book. We open it before them. Besides that,

"They have Abraham to their father." That venerable emir traces his lineage back not to Saladin alone, but to Abraham; and they all hold Abraham and Isaac to be prophets, and accept all the prophets of the old dispensation; and, furthermore, they hold the Lord Jesus to be one of the greatest of the prophets. They never pronounce his name without saying, "Our Lord Jesus, upon Him be peace."

We open that book and begin to tell them about Father Abraham. I tell them he lived in tents just as some of them live, and that he went to and fro in this land that he might show the people that he had no abiding place here, but looked for an eternal city in the heavens. Then I tell them about Father David, the great prophet, and then about Seidna Esa (our Lord Jesus). And I tell them, "You think this hospital was built by the order of St. John from Germany," and I say, "No; it was built by the Lord Jesus Christ from heaven." And I go on and tell them how these doctors never would have left their homes but for the love of Christ, and I ask them: "Would you leave

your home, would you leave your children, would you do for people seven thousand or ten thousand miles away, what is being done for you here unless you had a motive for it?" I say to them: "The motive is the love of Christ. Now if the love of Christ constrained us to come to you and give ourselves for you, then you owe it all to Christ," and you will see tears trickle down those hardened faces, and you will see those forms bowed with emotion as they hear the old, old story of the Cross.

I will draw you another picture. There was a Mohammedan girl who came under my care many years ago for a disease of one of the bones of the wrist, and a portion of that bone required removal. The operation was successful, but, as is too often the case, the disease returned in the elbow. The elbow-joint was removed and with the best of results. She was able, after that, to pick up a glass of water; she was able to use her hands to all intents and purposes as before, with a little diminution of strength. But after that the

disease reappeared higher up, and the poor girl's strength was sapped little by little, and not long before I came away from Beirut she was lying on what I suppose will be the bed of death. I visited her one Sunday afternoon with my wife, and we sat with her, and we brought that little choir of children of the Deaconesses, and they sang sweet hymns in the corridor. I asked her if she would like to have me read a chapter of the Scripture, and pray with her, and she said, "Yes." I opened to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Her name was Fatima. You know that Fatima was the favorite daughter of Mohammed, and that name is as sweet to a Moslem as Mary is to us. I said to her, "Fatima, who wrote that chapter?" She closed her eyes for a moment, and then opened them and said, "Allah," that is, God. "Well," I said, "about whom did he write that chapter?" She closed her eyes again, and a sweet smile came over her face, and for a moment she did not answer. I said, "Fatima, did he write it about Mohammed?" "No," said she, "He wrote it about

Seidna Esa — about our Lord Jesus, upon whom be peace."

Twenty-three years ago, in 1865, the cholera was prevailing in Northern Syria. I happened at that time to be in Mount Lebanon. I was studying the Arabic language, and preparing myself during the summer for greater usefulness when I should return to my mission field in the autumn. We had a community of about one hundred and fifty Protestants in the city where the cholera broke out. They became alarmed, and they sent a messenger five days' journey with a note saying, "Our dear doctor, the cholera has broken out in our city, and we are afraid that we may be attacked. Will you please send us a bottle of medicine, and if you can, doctor, will you come yourself? We do not ask you to come simply because the cholera has broken out, but the devil has got in among us, and we are in a quarrel with each other, and we want you to come and settle it." Well, you may be sure I took no more time than was necessary to despatch that messenger with a bottle of medicine suitable as a prophylactic,

and as a cure for cases of cholera, with the necessary directions, and I said that I would follow with all possible haste. I took with me a young man who was a teacher in the theological seminary. He was a devout young man, and I took him in order to have the benefit of his counsels in this affair with the people. He was not a physician. Well, we traveled through the hot days of August over the blazing plain of Cœle-Syria five days, and we reached the outskirts of the city. We encamped on the banks of the Orontes. My companion said to me, "Doctor, we might go in there to-night, but I want to tell you something: I know you will despise me for it, but I am afraid of the cholera." He said, "I mean to go into that city, but I want to spend this night in prayer and fasting, that God may give me strength." I said, "Why, I do not despise you, I honor you; I know that fear, but we doctors get over that. I do not despise you because you have that fear." I dare say in this audience I could pick out a dozen or twenty people who would be afraid to go in a

pest-stricken city, unless they spent a night in prayer to God; and even after that perhaps some of them would not go in. "Well," I said to him, "if you want to stay two days, stay." "No," he said, "I will stay to-night, and God will give me strength." He went into his tent. He took no dinner that night, but spent the night wrestling on his knees. I spent that night in sleep. I needed the sleep, and I was not afraid of the cholera. The next morning, when I woke up and came out of my tent, I found that young man with his face glowing like the face of an angel. I knew that the struggle was all over. He said, "Doctor, let us strike our tents and go into the city; I have found rest, I do not care a particle now for the cholera; I am ready to go." We went into the city, and were met by our brethren there. We saluted them and inquired about the health of the community, and found that no one had yet been stricken with cholera. We commenced then on the quarrel.

Now, here I will show you how the medical

missionary has a hold on the people. They knew we had come a five-days' journey into a pest-stricken city from a sanitarium where the cholera never comes. Now, that was a first-rate granite bed on which to build. I began by taking each one of the brethren apart. I said to one, "Well, brother, what is the matter?" He said, "Oh! there is nothing the matter with me, but Yusef has done so and so," speaking of another of the brethren. Then I said, "If Yusef is all right, you are, are you?" "Oh! yes," said he; "I never did anything; I have not done anything against him, but he is the one who stirred up the trouble." "Very well; now, if he agrees to be reconciled, do you?" "Yes," he said. Then I read the Scripture and had prayer with him, and my brother, who was with me, also joined in this exercise. Then we called for another. "Now what is the matter with you, Salem?" "Oh!" he said, "there is not anything the matter with me, the trouble is with Pharis; he is the one that made the trouble." "Well," I said, "if Pharis is reconciled, are

you all right?" "Yes; there never was anything the matter with me." So we had prayer with him and read appropriate Scripture, and, after a pleasant remark, he went away and Pharis came in. "Well, Pharis," I said, "what is the matter with you?" "Well," he said, "there is this other brother who has caused it, I have not done anything;" and I found, to my great surprise, that there was not one of them that had anything against anybody else, but every one knew some other man who was the one that stirred up the whole trouble. When we got through with the whole list, and had been assured by every one of them that he was ready to be reconciled, we called them all together. Mind you, they had been calling each other devils and Judas Iscariots, and every opprobrious epithet which Oriental speech contains. We got them together and read over appropriate passages of Scripture, and asked this and that brother to lead in prayer, and then asked if there was anybody in that company that had anything against anybody else, if he would rise and

state it. There was not one who rose, but every one of them was melted to tears. They knelt down there and poured out their hearts to God in prayer and in thankfulness.

Here was another miracle of the grace of God. I do not mean to exaggerate matters, but it was a very strange thing that not one of that community was stricken with the cholera. Is it too much for the power of God that He should have given that miracle to strengthen their faith? I believe you will say with one voice, "No." Not one—father, mother, or child—of all that community, was taken with cholera, although funerals were passing their door every hour of the day. We left them in a few days entirely at peace with one another. They went out with us as far as the Orontes, and they stood with us on the bank of that river. We knelt down in prayer together, and they bade us "Godspeed" on our way.

These, said Dr. Post, are some living pictures of what medical missions can do and are doing in heathen lands.

No. IV.

Work Among the Deep-sea Fishermen.*

WILFRED T. GRENFELL,
Superintendent of Royal National Mission, etc.

DEEP-SEA fishermen come from various sources, the majority from workhouse-schools and orphanages, and some from reformatories. Many who drift into the fisheries are out-of-

* Deep-sea fishermen must be distinguished from 'longshoremen; the former are those who leave home for a prolonged period of time, the latter go out for the day only, and, in fishermen parlance, "have tea alongside o' mother." The 'longshoremen are reached by all the various ordinary methods of our regular churches, the deep-sea men are not; they live at sea or away from home, and they are outside the reach of the usual shore workers. Some idea of the extent and importance of the British fisheries may be seen from the following statistics: Fish landed annually in the United Kingdom, 13,996,000 cwts.; value, about $7,000,000; men and boys constantly engaged, 77,000; men and boys occasionally engaged, 44,000; craft over fifteen tons, 8,000; craft under fifteen tons, 14,000; rowing fishing boats, 5,000.

FISHERMEN ON BOARD THE HOSPITAL SHIP "QUEEN VICTORIA."

work laborers, short-service soldiers, broken-down mercantile marine sailors, or runaway boys. While a certain percentage are sons of fishermen, who are unable to obtain work ashore, a very small percentage enter the ranks from the love of a sea life. It certainly has little to recommend it besides the freedom from shore conventionalities, and the possibility of earning a competency of about ten dollars a week. The awful monotony, the constant hardships, and frequent perils are its greatest drawbacks, and it is pathetic, indeed, to notice how few old men one meets at sea, and how many old fishermen sink into poverty, and end their days in the workhouse. Yet there are, to my mind, many less joyful callings in life than that of the deep-sea fishermen. Their boyish happiness and genial fun, with their brave hearts and kindly generous natures, are proverbial among all whose privilege it is to live among them, and the simple joys of the happy shore-homes of Christian fishermen have not been overdrawn in the many romances in which they figure. When

Christians they are Englishmen at their very best, full of that Viking spirit which has made great the sea-girt isle of Britain. With stories of their strength, daring, generosity, resourcefulness, and self-sacrifice even to death, one could fill volumes.

The life of a deep-sea fisherman in the North Sea is much as follows: With four men and a boy he leaves port for the great banks. Over these he drags his huge beam-trawl day and night for a period of two or three months. Then he returns to port to refit and gets a few days rest, after which he is off to sea again. It is the same summer and winter, all the year around—fighting the storms at sea, and sending his fish daily to London or Grimsby by a steam fish-carrier. His vessel is a unit in a large fleet of one hundred similar craft, a floating village never anchored, and never all home from sea at one time. The fleet, presided over by a fishing admiral, who regulates its movements by rockets at night and flags by day, is now off the coast of Holland, now off the Danish coast, again on the Dogger bank,

and then nearer the Norway shore; anywhere and everywhere the fish go, they go too, reaping the harvest of the sea to supply our tables.

The fisherman's dress, consisting of a blue Guernsey, huge leather boots, duffel trousers, and a sou'wester, with an oily frock for bad weather, combines utility, economy, and picturesqueness. His food seldom includes fresh meat and vegetables, but the daily fresh fish well replaces the former. Suet pudding, salt pork, flour, "hard tack," and butter are the other staples of diet, while the teakettle, ever filled, is always ready for use.

Besides the fishing vessels in these fleets, until recently only one other kind was known. This was, like themselves, a ketch or cutter, and hailed generally from a Belgian or Holland port. It carried no net, and its sides were lined with puncheons of brandy, whisky, gin, and rum. Cheap tobacco was used as a lure to entice the fishermen to visit them, and foul literature also was procurable on board. The "schnapps" was potent and fiery, and

was nicknamed "chained lightning" by some of its poor victims; needless to say it brought ruin in its track, and not seldom led to watery graves. Its reflex influence was sorely felt ashore, and numbers of small liquor dens sprang up in the fishermen's quarters of our coast. The return of once loving husbands and fathers was dreaded by the poor wives and children, while the time and money that should have been spent at home was too often wasted in drunken debauches. Spiritual advantages ashore were seldom made use of even by those men who abstained, for, being weary, they usually stayed at their homes during the few days on land. Deep-sea fishermen were thus practically outside the pale of the church and of civilization.

In 1881 a visit was paid by a London gentleman to the North Sea, the outcome of which was the foundation of the *Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen*, for the purpose of carrying the Gospel of Christ to the fishermen on the North Sea and elsewhere. A small vessel named the *Ensign* was purchased and sent to

sea. As the expense of sending not merely one missionary but a whole crew of men and a ship was necessarily involved, she carried a trawl net, and fished for her living. The scoffers who deigned to notice her departure prophesied a three months' existence at most, while pot-house wiseacres gave her six months to find out that North-Sea fishermen did not want missionaries, and would prefer to keep their grog vessels. God's blessing, however, rested on the undertaking from the very first, and instead of one ship, there are now thirteen of the finest vessels afloat, four of which are hospital ships, and two small steamers doing similar work in Labrador. The agents of the mission are now at work among fishermen in England, Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, and Labrador. The skipper of the mission vessel is the only regular missionary employed, the council believing that a simple, earnest, true-hearted brother fisherman would be used of God to the conversion of his mates. "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men," is engraved in brass on every

wheel. Any Christian worker approved of by the council, and anxious to go to sea among the men for Christ's sake, has always been warmly welcomed, and in this way volunteers, lay and clerical, male and female, have from time to time been constantly at sea. But the work is rough, and seasickness is so common, that only those in robust physical health are advised to go out.

It soon became apparent to those interested in the mission work, that the physical needs of the men at sea were sadly neglected; the drink and bad literature were demoralizing a large number, while the lack of a substitute for the grog-shop led many to visit it who would otherwise have avoided it. It became distressingly apparent that, though the Gospel was making headway and a few men had found Christ as their Savior, the devil's chain of drink was a sore hindrance to the work. It was, therefore, resolved to attack the enemy in his own territory. More than once services were held aboard the grog-ship, and one captain gave his heart to God and left the trade. But

where so much money was so easily to be made, the devil readily found tools to do his work. At last one very marked case brought things to a climax. A young husband and father went aboard a grog-vessel to get tobacco, though a total abstainer, with the result that he was induced to stay and drink, and eventually found a drunkard's grave the same night.

The Christian fishermen thought it not wrong to smoke, as it is the only luxury in the hours of monotony and cold which is possible for them to enjoy. The mission, therefore, applied to the Board of Trade for leave to carry tobacco in bond, that they might undersell the grog-vessel. This was refused. The mission then shipped tobacco to Ostend and, there being no duty, managed to sell for one shilling what cost on the grog-vessel eighteen pence, at the same time assiduously collecting old literature, pictorial and otherwise, and storing their vessels with that, and with good healthy tracts and books. The result was marvelous. In five years the whole number of grog-vessels

was practically swept from the face of the sea. The custom-house officials also found that their fear of increased smuggling was groundless, and made an arrangement with the mission (1) to ship tobacco in bond, (2) to issue only *limited* supplies to each vessel. The men have appreciated the boon, and a very large diminution in the cases of prosecution for smuggling has followed. The end, however, was more glorious than even our faith anticipated. The mission kept the matter before the authorities, and in January, 1895, an international convention was signed by all the powers bordering on the North Sea, absolutely prohibiting under the heaviest penalties the sale of liquor to fishermen at sea. With the death of the "Coper" and grog-traffic, began a new era in the homes ashore. No less than 25 dram-drinking shops closed in Great Yarmouth for want of custom. Homes which had been dens of poverty and wretchedness became little palaces. Men's wages came to their own families, and the separate individual testimonies of the mayors of the great fishing ports of

Hull, Grimsby, Lowestoft, and Yarmouth have more than once evinced the fact that the fishermen's quarters of these towns had become quieter and more orderly — a fact to which even the police have added their sanction.

The intense cold of winter, and the inadequacy of the warm clothes with which the men, and especially the boys, were able to provide themselves, next claimed attention, and warm hearts of Christian ladies all over England were moved by the tales told of this great need. Hundreds and thousands of warm mittens, helmets, mufflers, and guernseys, have been sent out during these past years, and have been true messages of love.

"Look 'ere," said a grizzled skipper, pulling out three mufflers from his pocket, to three wild friends of his whom he was visiting, "Look 'ere, will yer admit there's love in those mufflers? Yer see them ladies never see'd yer, nor never knowed yer, yet they jest sent me these mufflers for you. Well, then, how much more must Christ Jesus 'ave loved

yer, when He give His life blood to save yer."

I have it from his own lips as well as one of theirs, that this was the beginning of leading those three men to God; and before he left the ship that night, they were trusting in Christ for pardon, and for strength to live as His children.

Yet another need became now apparent. In pain, in sickness, in accident even unto death, no chance of skilled aid was possible, generally for three or four days, often for a week or more. Limbs were permanently injured, functions and lives lost, and families driven to the workhouse for want of medical aid. It was the men themselves that now raised the difficulties.

"Doctors! I'd like to see one on 'em out 'ere a voyage. I guess a week o' this 'ere weather 'd capsize any on 'em."

But it did not. In the true spirit of Christ, our Master, the mission joined "Healing the Sick" to "Preaching the Word." In four vessels hospitals were built, swing cots erected

GIVING CHLOROFORM IN THE HOSPITAL SHIP "QUEEN VICTORIA."

for fracture cases, medicine and sets of instruments and splints obtained. A specially devised stretcher was placed on each ship to facilitate the removal of the injured to the hospital ships. Christian doctors were regularly appointed for each. "Heal the sick," in letters of gold, was put on the port bow, and "Preach the Word," on the starboard. All the mission skippers and mates, and many others as well, were trained in ambulance work, and now one and all are capable of rendering first aid to the wounded, by which many limbs, lives, and much suffering have been saved on the vessels where there is no doctor.

The next hindrance the mission endeavored to remove was the great difficulty in reaching the crews on the steam trawlers and the boys on all the trawlers; for, of course, some one must remain always on board, and this generally fell to the lot of the younger hands, while the steam trawlers scatter so far, and work so incessantly that it is only on rare occasions that the missionary can reach them.

Accordingly a branch called the "Fisherlads Association," was formed for corresponding with all that could be reached in that way. Most marvelous, indeed, has been the result of this venture of faith. Some 800 ladies are already engaged in keeping in touch with some 3,000 or 4,000 fishermen. Only those who have the love of Christ in their own hearts are invited to assist in this way. Most intensely interesting have been the boys' and men's letters. Many have taken the pledge (with fishermen total abstinence is absolutely incumbent on the converted man), and many have been truly led to Christ. Never till one reads some of their letters, can he realize the absolute friendlessness of many of the men, some saying, "I never had a father or mother or home." "No one ever cared for me, that I know of," and "I never had a letter in my life." This has led to many of our ladies visiting the ports from which *their* boys sail, and thus not only benefiting others but being benefited themselves, by taking up actual personal work for Christ, and learning to

plead for Him with individuals, "to be reconciled to God as dear children."

Another branch formed has been the regular visiting by Christian workers of the sick and injured, and almost always lonely and friendless fishermen, brought by the steam carriers to the great metropolitan hospitals; and most deeply do they appreciate this truly Christ-like work. God has allowed the workers to see direct fruits of their labors in this branch also, and to see dying fishermen rejoicing in the sure and certain hope of everlasting life.

In the fall of 1895 definite work ashore in Grimsby and Great Yarmouth was recognized to be necessary by the mission council. A United Fishermen's Christian Association was started with the inevitable badge—in this case a fish with the word "*ΙΧΘΥΣ*," * on it. A most suitable emblem, and one I rejoice to say now rapidly being adopted by all our Christian brethren at sea.

* Initials of a Greek sentence: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior."

I must pass over the work in Ireland, and among the drift-net men and others off the Cornish coast. Five years ago it was my privilege to sail a mission vessel from Yarmouth, England, to Labrador. There we have built two hospitals, 200 miles apart, each with a medical mission and Christian matron. Each is served by a small steamer, bringing the sick to and fro. In the small steamer *Sir Donald*, we range the coast from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape Chilsey in Hudson Straits, preaching, doctoring, and trying to help the people from May to December. One doctor and one nurse stay through each long winter, keeping the hospitals open, teaching the children, preaching when possible, and traveling from place to place with dogs and sleighs. In summer we have some 23,000 men, women, and children, besides the five thousand residents of the coasts. We visit the Eskimo and Moravian stations, where we enjoy the spiritual fellowship of the devoted missionaries. No happier lot ever fell to any man than ours. Navigating, doctoring, preaching, entrusted

with clothes for the naked and food for the hungry, we live healthy, joyful lives. God has privileged us to see many yield their hearts and lives to Christ.*

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*(1) We endeavor not to pauperize the recipients of food or clothing, and to preserve their self-respect, by in every case providing work, if possible, where assistance is given. (2) Our mission is inter-denominational. (3) We have treated 170 in-patients in Labrador and 6,500 out-patients. This represents a saving of no little suffering and not a few lives. Contributions to this work may be sent to the editor of this REVIEW.

No. V.

The Founding of the Barotsi Mission.*

EW, among all the narratives of missionary labor in the last half century, are more worthy of a permanent memorial than what is known as the story of the "Banyaï Mission," which eventually led to the founding of the Barotsi Mission, and which was not only undertaken, but planned by the native Christians of Basutoland. Our friend, M. Coillard, of the French mission, emphatically says that if Africa is ever to be evangelized, it must be done by her own children. This is the testimony of all missionaries, and of its truth this attempt of the native Christians of the Basuto country is both an argument and an illustration.

Three French missionaries came to Basuto-

* A fuller account is beautifully set before us in that most readable book of M. Coillard, "On the Threshold of Central Africa."

land more than sixty-six years ago, in 1833, and among them the name of M. Arbousset stands out conspicuous. M. Coillard says of him, that "he belonged to the race of giants, whose exploits in the first half of the century have shed such luster on African missions." He possessed two gifts of great importance to his work: First, the gift of evangelizing, and second, the gift of *communicating his own zeal* to those who were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. It is very noticeable that a large proportion of his congregations and converts were men, and that each of them, according to his own measure of capacity, took a share in the active propagation of the Gospel. M. Arbousset was accustomed to send his catechists on excursions to spend an indefinite time among the people in the country now known as the Transvaal. Some of these traveling catechists had, before their conversion, been noted warriors, and had made depredations upon the same tribes to whom now they bore the Gospel of peace as a kind of atonement for previous acts of violence. In 1863 one of

these, Isaiah Seeley, went with the sanction of all the missionaries. He was a man of much intelligence and strength of character, and spoke French and English as well as several native languages, and had no little knowledge of the healing art. He spent several years evangelizing certain tribes, among whom the Berlin Society of Missions has since been laboring successfully, and many of whom, being accustomed to pass through Basutoland, going to and from Cape Colony, had seen something of the benefits of Christian missions, so that their chiefs became desirous of permanent stations in their own country. The wars between the Orange Free State and the Basutoland checked this evangelizing movement.

In 1865 all the French Protestant missionaries were driven out of the country, the only exception being at Thabe Bossiou, which the Boers had not been able to occupy. Armed men brought wagons to the door of M. Coillard, and carried the missionaries off in such haste, that his wife had not even time to take her bread out of the oven; and with heavy

hearts they left, the church-bell, which they carried with them, sounding all along the road a kind of funeral knell. The commandant, who happened to be a personal friend of M. Coillard, tried to cheer them up, but could encourage them with no hope of their return. He said, "Make the best of it and leave nothing behind you, for you will never come back here;" but the Divine Master had decreed otherwise, for in 1868 Basutoland became a British colony, and they did go back, having meanwhile gained a knowledge of the Zulu language, which was in later days to prove of great service.

God makes the wrath of man to praise Him. During this banishment of their pastors from the Basutoland, these native Christians so awoke and arose to a sense of their individual duty and responsibility, that with rare zeal they gave themselves up to the preaching of the Gospel. So large were the results, that, on the return of the missionaries, instead of finding their work in a state of decay, they found the community completely transformed,

and, instead of a desert, a well-watered garden. It was plain to them that the first thing to be done was to give compactness and solidity to this movement by a more thorough organization. They therefore chose those native Christians who seemed to be most capable and most worthy, and placed them at different points as evangelists, covering Basutoland with a network of stations, which have gone on multiplying ever since year by year.

And now came the next and most natural step—the Christian life of these native disciples having grown so strong, they desired to spread the name of Jesus in the regions beyond. The tree had so grown as to bear fruit after its own kind. M. Mabille, who had succeeded Arbousset, encouraged this missionary movement. These native disciples yearned to send catechists to other heathen tribes, and not only to *send* but to *equip and maintain* them; and thus the Banyaï expedition was born. The question was—In what direction should these efforts be made? M. Mabille, accompanied by M. Berthoud, went on an exploring tour in

the extreme north of the Transvaal, and left the Basuto catechist among the Magivamba tribe, where others afterward joined them, and where a work of perseverance and devotion has been carried forward with much fruitfulness. A year or two later, one of the leaders of the the Basuto catechists—Asher by name—undertook a missionary exploration in Banyaï with three others. He was a very remarkable man, had the spirit of a true pioneer, and was not easily to be hindered or turned back. He gave as his report that three of the great chiefs gave glad and full assent to the coming of the missionaries, and had even chosen sites for the stations. He said that some of the Banyaïs had found a striking analogy in the Gospel message to one of their old traditions—that the son of one of their great chiefs had mysteriously disappeared, and that every tenth day must be observed in his memory until he should come back.

When, in 1875, Asher came back to Basutoland, his report fanned the zeal of his fellow native Christians into a flame. He was full of

Apostolic devotion. Said he, "Why could I not cut off my arms and legs and make every limb of mine a missionary to these poor Banyaïs?" His addresses had an electric effect. At one memorial meeting an old man rose and said, "We have had enough of talking, let us *do* something," and going up to the communion table, he laid upon it a half crown; the whole assembly followed this example, and the movement spread to other stations. On one communion day men, women, and children, and even babes at their mother's breast gathered round the table to lay upon it their consecrated offerings, and in a very short time £500 was raised among these native converts in cash, without counting numbers of cattle, great and small. The Missionary Conference could no longer hesitate, and the mission was unanimously determined upon. The money and the men were at once found, and four men were chosen, who prepared to start with their families.

God has His set time for blessing, and while these events were taking place, Major Malan,

—whose name is so fragrant in Britain and in South Africa, the grandson of Cæsar Malan of Geneva, and a man who had resigned his commission in the British Army that he might more completely serve the Captain of our salvation,—had undertaken a tour among the South African missions, and his coming to Basutoland was the signal for a fresh reviving. Even to M. Mabille and M. Coillard it proved more than a spiritual feast, a revelation. M. Coillard says they "had a vision of the Lord." It seemed to them that they had never given themselves up to God, and did not even know the A B C of renunciation; and they saw that a true and full consecration is not a mere doctrine, nor yet a single isolated act, but the fabric, the very principle of life. One day in crossing the river Kei, and climbing the slope, in obedience to an impulse that was irresistible, he says, "We all three sprang from our horses, knelt in the shadow of a bush I still see before me, and, taking ourselves as witnesses, offered ourselves individually to the Lord for the new mission—an

act of deep solemnity which made us all brothers in arms. Immediately we remounted, Major Malan spurred his horse, galloped up the hill and called out, 'Three soldiers ready to conquer Africa.' This marked a new era in our Christian life, and was, so far as we were concerned, the true origin of the Barotsi Mission."

The history of this mission we can not here trace. It had its trials, but amid them all there was exemplified the perseverance of the saints. A few facts only may be added to make this brief sketch complete. In the autumn of 1875, the Banyaï expedition was preparing to start. It was at first intended to send the native missionaries alone, but the Transvaal government opposed this, on the ground that the Basuto natives going as foreigners among the Banyaï, might stir up trouble on their northern frontiers. It seemed necessary that one of the missionaries should escort them, and it was finally determined that this representative should be M. Diertelen, a newly arrived missionary, young, unmarried, and as yet not

located, whose character, gifts, and consecration inspired great confidence.

In 1876, at the General Synod, 78 delegates, besides missionaries and catechists, represented the various congregations, and subscriptions brought from a wider constituency emphasized their messages of encouragement and affection. Even heathen chiefs could not remain indifferent to such a demonstration, and the British authorities of the country brought also their congratulations and good wishes. It seemed as though God had opened the way, and, after many deeply impressive meetings, M. Diertelen and his four companions with their families, were affectionately sent forth as pioneers, and commended to the keeping of the Lord. The very place of farewell was one from which in previous days cannibals had gone forth to scour the country, and from which had gone the head of his clan, the chief Sebetoane, to found the Makololo kingdom on the Upper Zambesi. Survivors of those former days were present to see their fellow-countrymen sent forth by their native Christians with

their free-will offerings on a mission of peace. It was an object lesson that carried a convincing power with it.

As we have said, trials awaited the founding of the new mission. Scarcely a month later, the expedition came to an abrupt end in the prison of a civilized and Christian state. These pioneers were arrested, taken to Pretoria, and imprisoned, accused of carrying contraband, and heavily fined, but afterward released. This persecution proved to be the work of a small political clique, hostile to foreign missions, but it put a check upon the movement. Nevertheless the enterprise was not abandoned, and the Transvaal government managed to let the missionaries know indirectly, that they would place no obstacle in the way of a new expedition, provided that certain conditions and formalities were observed. Difficulties were met cheerfully and heroically—difficulties that can only be appreciated by those who read the 650 pages of M. Coillard's remarkable narrative, in which he says that, notwithstanding all the trials,

dangers, and disappointments of their work, God never left them for an hour without the consolation of His promises and His presence. There is seldom found any book that contains more evidence of moral heroism and undiscouraged faith, than this narrative.

One fact deserves great stress, namely, that this mission sprang spontaneously from the religious life of the native Christians of Basutoland; and the disposition exhibited by these native disciples puts to shame the churches of Christ in Christian lands. When, for instance, in 1883, M. Coillard preached at the church of M. Mabille, the latter said to him as he entered the pulpit: "Speak, and the Lord bless thee, and if the best of my catechists responds to your appeal, I give him gladly." When the service was ended, he said: "Yes, Boillard, God *has* asked for my best catechist. I did not expect it, but he shall go." And from that time forth the evangelists of the Zambesi Mission were recruited almost altogether from his church or Bible school.

This remarkable missionary story illustrates

to a marked degree, first, the blessed results which follow missions even among the tribes of the Dark Continent; and secondly, the method in which Africa is finally to hear the Gospel. The work of the missionaries from other lands is only that of pioneers, and its province is to develop a native church with a native ministry. When this preliminary stage has been reached and accomplished, the work of Africa's evangelization may be safely left to the Africans themselves; and then that great problem which has been so difficult to solve —"What shall we do in the face of the fatal African fever?"—will have been effectually and finally solved. But there must be, meanwhile, an experience of self-sacrifice, and lives must be laid down and become the seed of the Kingdom in the soil of Africa. And so our Lord's words shall have a wider fulfilment:

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

May the Church of Jesus Christ be found equal to the sacrifice!

No. VI.

Among the Red Men of North America.*

BY REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—Isaiah xxxv : 1.

HE prophet is looking down to the time when changes will be made in moral wastes, such as our forefathers accomplished on this continent when they changed the great forests into these splendid farms and beautiful homesteads. Similar transformations will be wrought in Christ's kingdom. "The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." Those same trans-

*See the *Northfield Echoes*, August Conference Number, 1896.

formations, which have been seen in missionary work in towns and cities at home, the missionaries have been permitted, under God's blessing, to see in the lands of paganism.

We labored among the wild Indian tribes away up in the heart of the British territories, a thousand miles north of St. Paul. They were the most northern tribes of Indians on the borderland of the Esquimaux people, away from civilization, so far away that the nearest post-office was four hundred miles distant; we received our daily paper there twice a year. We found hundreds of Indians wandering through those vast forests as hunters and fishermen. They lived in a land so remote from cultivation that the word "bread" was literally unknown in those days, and the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," had to be translated, "Give us something this day to keep us in life." I have seen Indians eighty years of age who never saw a loaf of bread, or a cake, or a pie. When my wife and I went out there we lived as they did; we lived on fish twenty-one times a week for months

together, and for weeks together we did not average two good meals a day. For years we did not begin to live as well as the thieves and murderers in the penitentiaries of Great Britain and America. But it was a blessed work, and we were happy in it.

We have the Bible translated for our Indians; it is the work of one of our missionaries, Rev. James Evans, who invented what are known as the Syllabic characters. He found these people wandering on the borders of the Great Lakes and rivers, fishing, hunting in the vast forests for bears and other animals, and looking all the time for game, as they were ever on the go. The thought occurred to him to invent a simple way of teaching these Indians to read, so that they might be able to use the Bible for themselves. The result of it was this invention, each character being a syllable,—in all thirty-six of them. They are represented in the accompanying cut, which gives both the Indian characters and the English sounds. As soon as the characters were grasped we used to turn to the first

chapter of Genesis, and begin to read. Now, I want to paint a picture, to take you with me to a band that has never seen a missionary, never seen a Bible, never heard the Savior's name, and I want to show you how we teach them to read on a first visit, which lasts only a few weeks. We have no schoolhouse, no school-books, no pencils or paper. We have only a few Bibles, which that magnificent society (the British Bible Society) now sends out to us. After I have preached to them for some days, and have gained the good will of most of them,* I say, "Would you not like to learn to read this book?" "Yes." I can not go and get a sheet of paper, slate and pencil, and begin teaching them, but here are great granite rocks near by, and I take a burned stick from my camp fire, and with that burned stick I make the characters shown in the cut: A, E, OO, AH, MA, ME, MOO, MAH, etc. Then I say to the people, "Now say as I do,"

* The old conjurers hate me because they know that my success means the end of their terrible rule over the people.

and just as a primary teacher gives a lesson to little children in A, B, C, so I begin, "A, E, OO, AH, MA, ME, MOO, MAH." By and by a fellow gets out his flint and steel, lights his pipe, and repeats, A, E, OO, AH; but I can't say anything against the pipe, for one dare not be cross with them. We go over it again and again; I point to the letters in turn and say, "What is this?" They are unknown sounds to them, but I write down a character and ask, "What is that?" They look at it and shout, "MA." I put down another, and ask, "What is that?" "NE." I write a third: "What is that?" "TOO." I have written the word in Indian—*Ma-ni-too*—three characters, but I have not combined them yet, and they don't know what they will form in combination. I say, "What is the first?" "MA." "The second?" "NE." "The third?" "TOO." Then they combine them—*Manitoo*. Why!—they drop their pipes and put up their hands, and open their eyes in wonder. It is worth starvation and suffering, it is worth any amount of hardship, to see the

ray of intelligence darting into the eyes of hundreds of these Indians, as for the first time, God, the name of God, becomes visible to their eyes there on the rock, made with a burned stick from the camp fire. *Manitoo*—God. They have heard him in the thunder, in the blizzard, and in the storm. But to them here is a new revelation. There is Manitoo on the rock, and they can hardly believe their eyes. Then, when the excitement is over, I write: *Manitoo Sa-kee-e-wd-wind*, "God is love," and that is a revelation. So I go on, and on, and on; no more smoking pipes. Most intense interest is excited, and we talk and talk until my mouth is dry and my strength exhausted, and then we go off and sit around our camp fires and have something to eat, and come back again.

In less than three weeks some of those Indians can read the Word of God in their own language. Just as soon as these characters and some simple sentences have become familiar to them, we turn to the first chapter of the Indian Bible, and with those characters on the

rock, we begin: "*Ma wa che mistum ne sa Manitoo.*" "See God in the book just as He is on the rock," they say. They catch the idea at once. Thus slowly we go through the verse. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." To a people that have been in darkness and ignorance there is a lot of information in that first verse. "Who put those stars in the sky; who caused the warm sun to greet the eyes and fill up our creeks with fish again?" Thus had they talked as they groped in darkness. "Now we know: 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'" Some of them thought their education was complete at once, —they knew all about it now, and I have known a boy to jump up and run away six miles and bring his father, pulling him along to show him the book which tells how those things, talked about by their old people before the camp fires, had been accomplished. In some of our villages eighty per cent. of our people over eight years of age are now reading in their own tongue the blessed Book. In

spite of many hardships and trials, God is blessing the work grandly.

Not very long ago the governor of our colony sent out one of his commissioners to meet the Indians with supplies, in accordance with the treaty. This commissioner sent word to one of our Christian Indians to bring his people to a certain point, as he would be there to distribute their annual allowances. The Indians were on hand at the time appointed; they brought nothing from their distant camp fires, for they expected to receive abundant supplies to feast upon. But the day came, and the big white commissioner did not arrive,—and it is an everlasting disgrace when government representatives break word with the Indians. The commissioner did not come the first day, or the second, and the Indians were hungry. They went to the big chief and said, "Pakan, our wives and children are crying for food,—here are our supplies, the gift of the Queen to us, and her servant has not yet come to distribute them. Will you open them and give us enough to satisfy us?" "Oh, no, my

TEACHING INDIANS TO READ BY SYLLABIC CHARACTERS ON BIRCH BARK.

children, I have never broken a word of treaty and I don't want to now," replied the chief. The next day no white man appeared, and the third morning those young Indians' eyes began to look ominous and flash out something that boded trouble. They went to the chief and said, "We must have food for our hungry ones." His answer was, "Have patience a little longer, my people," and he called on an Indian who had a splendid horse to accompany him, and, mounting his own, away they went as fast as they could, to find and hurry up the dilatory commissioner. About noon they met him coming along with a large retinue of friends and servants. In those days that country abounded in game, and these white men had gone out for a good shooting time. As Pakan rode into the camp at noonday he found them preparing to stop there, because not far off was a spot that seemed full of game. Pakan said to the commissioner, "You have broken your promise to my people. You were to have met them three days ago. Don't stop here,—come on and distribute the supplies, for

my people are hungry." "Oh, Pakan, I am glad to see you," replied the white man, "you are the chief. I would like to have you dine with me, I hear you are a great hunter. Come with us this afternoon and show me your skill in hunting." "No," said he; "you have broken your word. The people are hungry, —come on at once." "Oh, no; I am going to have some shooting." Pakan said, "When are you coming?" "I will come to-morrow." "Oh,' said Pakan, "to-morrow is the Sabbath, and we have been taught to keep the Sabbath." The commissioner answered, "My religion won't prevent me from distributing the food on Sunday." Pakan looked at him. He is one of the finest specimens of a man I ever saw. He bravely replied, "I don't care what your religion will allow you to do, mine says, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,'—and, hungry as we are, unless you come and distribute the food to-day, we will not take it until Monday." The man quailed before him, and at once some subordinate was sent back with him. Before they left the com-

missioner said to the chief, "I shall come along to-morrow, and we will have our usual annual talk about Indian affairs and the distribution of money." Pakan replied again, "To-morrow is the Sabbath, and we will have no treaty talk to-morrow," and away he rode. The next day the white man came on to the Indian encampment. He expected the Indians to meet him, hundreds of them, with firing of guns and waving of flags, but not one came to receive him, and no guns were fired; the only wigwam where the flag was flying was the place where the people met together three times a day to worship God. The commissioner sent out his criers for a council, but not one Indian responded. He sent for Pakan to come and dine with him, but Pakan said, "I dine with my own family on God's day whenever I can,"—and he refused the invitation. It is a great thing to dine with the ambassador of the Queen, yet this godly Indian refused the honor on account of his respect for the Sabbath day.

I give you an incident that is practical, and

that you can use when advocating the Sabbath as a day of rest. When Mr. Evans induced a large number of Indians to become Christians, he said to them, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In that country is the greatest fur trading company in the world, the Hudson Bay Company. They have been there since the reign of Charles the First. All the goods are taken through that part of the country by brigades of boats. Until lately they carried all their goods from distant places by Indian brigades, who bring out as the exchange cargo boat-loads of furs, which are shipped to London. Before these Indians became Christians, they traveled every day alike. When our mission was established, all the missionaries went in for the observance of the Sabbath day. At once there was opposition from the Hudson Bay Company. They argued, "Our summer is short, the people have to work in a hurry, and to lose one day in seven will be a terrible loss to us, and you missionaries must get out of the country if you are going to interfere with our business."

There was downright persecution for years,—but there is none now, for it was found that the brigades of Indians who traveled only six days, and quietly rested on the Sabbath, made the journey of perhaps fifteen hundred miles, without a single exception, in less time, and came back in better health, than those who traveled without observing the Sabbath. So the Hudson Bay Company opposes us no more. They say, "Go on, missionaries, and the Lord bless you."

When traveling in the winter we had to dig holes in the snow, and there cook our fat meat, and make a kettle of tea, and then try to go to sleep, until sometimes the snow piled upon us, during the fierce blizzard storms, so that we were completely covered, and if you were out hunting you could tramp right over us, little dreaming that a missionary and three dog-drivers were asleep there under the snow. I did not take my wife on those winter journeys, but in the summer months she sometimes went with me. We were paddling along one day and we came to a sand bar, where we went

ashore, and while the Indian boatmen were cooking the dinner, my wife and I walked along the beautiful beach. Soon we saw a number of Indians coming along in their birch canoes. I saw that they were some of my old friends whom I intended to visit on my return journey. As they came along in their canoes from a distant point, I noticed one old fellow who had not the strength and skill of the younger fellows, and so his canoe lagged behind. I said to my wife, "My dear, go down and talk to that old Indian,—his name is Benjamin Cameron. Get him to talk to you of what he knows of Christianity, and I will talk to the others." So my good wife went to him where he landed, and, as she understands the language like a native, they sat down on the rock and chatted. When dinner was ready she did not care to come. She seemed very unwilling to leave the old man. She replied to my call, "Oh, I would rather talk to this old man; it is such a blessing to hear him tell of what God has done for him. It is a greater privilege than eating my dinner."

Finally she came with me, and as we walked back she talked about Benjamin, and her face lighted up with interest. When she stopped I said, "I am glad that you think so much of him; I think just as much of him as any one, but listen: he was once a cannibal and ate his first wife." "Ugh!" she exclaimed, "can it be possible? Well, I am glad that I didn't know it before I talked with him or I am afraid I shouldn't have so enjoyed the interview." Years ago that old Indian went out in the woods with his wife for their winter hunting. They put out their traps and snares to catch the wild animals that wandered there through those northern forests in the cold and snow,—but they were not very successful. The deer did not come as usual, so when there came a day that food was scarce, the man became discouraged and one day he got up with his rifle and shot his wife dead. He put the body out on a staging where it froze as solid as marble, and, when other supplies failed, he went to that, and during the winter he ate his own wife. Years after, the missionary came along

with his Book. At first Benjamin was very shy and distant,—"No! no!—the Book is for you white people and not for us." "Come now and listen,—it is for you." He said, "No," but finally he became interested.

Those Indians have wonderful traditions and stories, and I used to match their tales with Bible stories. Some of the Indians are huge fellows, over six feet tall, and they pride themselves on their stature. As they talked about their height, I would say, "Listen—I have a book that tells about a man as tall as if one of you were seated on the shoulders of the tallest among you." "Oh! what a story; what talk is that, missionary?" "Well, come and listen." Then I talk to them about Goliath, and get them interested, and the Gospel follows. In my work among these people I found one reason at least why those stories were in the Bible. Benjamin would not listen, but he became interested in the stories, and then he listened to the Gospel. Then he was in a state of despair as he thought of his great crime; his head hung down, his face was sad. "O!"

he said, "if you had only come before I shot my wife, I might have had a chance, but don't tell me that the Holy Spirit is so kind, that the great Father is so kind, and that the Son Jesus is so kind, as to look down and notice a man who shot and ate his wife." "Why, yes, I do believe He can save you." "Oh, no, no; I thank you for your words, but I am sure you must be mistaken. He surely will not stoop so low." "Yes, He will." Then I think of the passage "beginning at Jerusalem." Christ said practically, "Go find out my murderers and offer them salvation." So I do not despair, and such a blessed Christian does Benjamin become that, when my wife first met him, mature blessed Christian woman as she is, she, nevertheless, felt that she was a child to sit at his feet, and listen to his blessed words. If you should go to that land, and should want to get a magnificent pair of reindeer horns or a splendid bearskin, there would not be a better man than old Benjamin to guide you to where you could shoot what you desired; but he would not let you be with him five

minutes before he would say, "Are you a Christian? Do you love my Savior? Is His love in your heart? If so, give me your hand; I am glad to shake hands with one who loves this blessed Savior who so loves me."

Blessed work! May God give us a missionary spirit, and whether it is in home missions or foreign work, church work or prison work, let us do what we can, and remember Longfellow's words, so applicable in these blessed days:—

"Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into the light;
It is day-break everywhere."

No. VII.

An African Saved by Grace.

BY W. A. ELMSLIE, LIVINGSTONIA.

N that truly wonderful record, "Lovedale: Past and Present," defined on the title-page as "a register of two thousand names, a record written in black and white, but more in white than black," we meet the following brief notice of a very remarkable man:

William Koyi was born of heathen parents at Thomas River, in the year 1846. His mother died a Christian. He left his home during the cattle-killing mania in 1857, and went to seek employment among the Dutch farmers in the colony, earning half a crown a month as a wagon leader. About this time his father died, and five years later his mother and two sisters. He left his Dutch employer and worked for five years at one of the wool-washing establishments in Uitenhage, and was

promoted to be overseer. From thence he went to work in the stores of Messrs. A. C. Stewart & Co., Port Elizabeth, where he remained for about the same number of years. He had never attended school, but now felt the need of education, and, therefore, set about learning to read Kaffir. He had about this time (1869) been converted and admitted a member of the Wesleyan Church at Port Elizabeth.

He came to Lovedale in 1871, and his case is one of the most remarkable results of Lovedale work. A stray leaf of the *Isigidimi Sama-Xosa*, which he picked up and read during his dinner hour at Port Elizabeth, was the first cause of his attention being directed to the place. On inquiry he found it was 150 miles distant, and then he resolved to walk to it and seek admission. He had friends in Tshoxa, Rev. Mr. Liefeldt's station, and it was from that missionary he brought a note of recommendation. He attended the first, second, and third years' classes, and during his stay at Lovedale he was active, willing, and trust-

worthy, caring for duty and not popularity among his fellows.

He came to regard Lovedale as his home, and to be regarded as a humble, but valuable, worker, who could always be depended on, and needed no pushing to his work or pressure to keep at it and do his best, and make himself generally useful. After a time he was appointed assistant overseer of the working companies of the native boarders.

In 1876 he offered, along with thirteen others, to go to Livingstonia as a native evangelist. Only four, including himself, were chosen. He has steadily continued, these nine years, at the work at Lake Nyasa, and shown considerable energy and natural intelligence, and has thus proved to be of great service to the Free Church mission in Central Africa.

The foregoing statement was printed in 1886, in which year William died on the 4th of June, after a brief, but distressing, illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude. A few notes of his life and character in Livingstonia, may

serve to show how God's grace and power may be manifested in and through the much-despised African native.

William's first service in Livingstonia was rendered when the mission was located at Cape Macleao, on the southern shores of Lake Nyasa. One of his native companions from Lovedale died there, and the other two were invalided home. Despite the trying climate and the frequent severe fevers, he persevered in his work, and in many departments rendered important service. He sought to serve the Lord in all that he did, not counting any task too humble to require full consecration in doing it. He was taken by Dr. Laws, the late Mr. James Stewart, and Mr. John Moir on their important journeys of exploration on the west side of Lake Nyasa, and onward as far as Tanganyika, a great part of which country is now the field of the Livingstonia Mission. When the second station of the mission was opened half way up the lake, at Bandawe, William proceeded there and renewed his faithful labors in founding it.

THE RAID OF THE NGONI WARRIORS.

Some incidents connected with his work will illustrate his character. On one occasion, not long after the mission had opened the Bandawe station, report of a large Ngoni war party being on its way to attack the people around the station, was brought from a village some miles distant. On such occasions the terror-stricken natives rushed to the vicinity of the station, in hope of protection. Thousands of helpless women and children crouched among the brushes around the station, or crawled into holes among the rocks on the neighboring hill, or lay on the beach ready to take to water as a last chance of life. On one such occasion not only were the natives alarmed, but so threatening were the circumstances that the missionaries hastily put together a few things and launched the boat ready for escape to the rocky island some hundreds of yards off.

When the report above referred to reached the station, a consultation was held, and William Koyi volunteered to go out and meet the war party and endeavor to turn it back from

its purpose. He walked on for some hours, and at last met the party at a little stream, where it had made a temporary camp, to await a favorable opportunity to attack the village of Matete, some two hours' march from the mission station. It was composed of a section of the Ngoni, with whom the mission had, on one of the journeys of exploration, come in contact. They were, it was stated, not only intending to attack the natives of the Bandawe district, but also the mission station, in order to secure the wealth of cloth, beads, and other good things they fancied were stored there. When William met the party, and before he could open his mouth, the young warriors began to engage in war dancing. On such occasions the slightest indiscretion in speech or movement which might be interpreted as defiance, would have led to an immediate attack.

There, with only a few friendly boys, William beheld the awe-inspiring war dance of Ngoni. They danced in companies and they danced singly, each warrior clad in hideous-looking garb, which, with their large war-

shields, almost hid their human form and made them more like war-demons than men, as they leaped and brandished their broad-bladed stabbing-spears, with which they fight. William stood for a time watching them, utterly unable to decide what to say or what to do to effect the purpose for which he had come out. Secretly praying to God for guidance and success, he sat down on the bank of the stream. Still at a loss to know what he should do, he took off one of his boots and stockings and began to wash his foot. That done, he as leisurely, and still puzzled, put on his boot again; but still the dancing went on, and there was no opportunity to speak, even had he known what to say. He then proceeded to wash his other foot, and the warriors sat down. He thereupon found the opportunity for speech, and remarked in an off-hand manner:

"Now, you are sensible people to rest yourselves on this hot day."

This produced a burst of laughter from the warriors. The spell was broken; the war-like intentions of the party were frustrated; free

and open speech was found. The result was that war was averted, and a section of the party was conducted to the mission station, when it was arranged that William and Albert Namalambe, being at that time at Bandawe, should go back with the party and see Mombera with a view to a permanent residence among the Ngoni. Thus, in the providence of God, the war party that left home bent on war and plunder, returned as guides and escort of the messengers of the Gospel of peace. This incident, which well illustrates the valuable work of our departed colleague, was the prelude to the commencement of the work among the Ngoni, the success of which has been very remarkable.

Mombera, the Ngoni chief, once said to me, "My army, when away from home, are like mad dogs; they can not be kept in, but bite small and great the same;" and only those who passed through the fire of the pioneering days at Bandawe and in Ngonilan, can measure the service done that day, not only to the thousands around Bandawe, but toward the

success of the Livingstonia mission. Years afterward, when I was one evening encamped at the village near which the Ngoni army was met, the chief related to me the story, and sent a bunch of bananas for William Koyi, to show that he had not forgotten what he had done for them.

When William accompanied the warriors back to Ngoniland, he and Albert were introduced to Mombera, and resided in a hut in one of his villages. The Ngoni took some time before they gave them a welcome, as there was one party favorable to, and another against, their being allowed to stay. They were exposed to many insults and threats, and their position was at times extremely critical. They often feared to be both asleep at the same time, and took turns in watching on account of the threatening attitude of the people. In all those days William's knowledge of the Kaffir language was invaluable. Mombera, the chief, despite his rough manners and despotic behavior, was very fatherly and fond of children, and formed a remarkable attachment to Albert,

who had a very attractive appearance and manner. This Albert, it should be noted, was the first convert in the Livingstonia mission, and has, since Cape Maclear station was vacated by Europeans in 1880, carried on the work there, many having been added to the church through his labors.

William Koyi was known among the Ngoni by the native name *Umtusani*, and from love to him Mombera had a son named after him. Mombera was very kind to him, and although he often made sport of what was told him of the Gospel, he always showed him great respect, and was often in hot water with his head men on account of his attachment to him.

AT AN NGONI WAR DANCE.

On the occasion of the last great tribal function, the ceremony of "crowning" those who, having been out to war and proved their valor, were henceforth to take their places as men in the affairs of the nation, there was a gathering of several thousand of armed men, in the royal kraal. William attended, as it was politic

never to show any signs of fear. A clamor was raised in one of the military parties that he should be killed, as he had come to throw dust in the chief's eyes. One of the most famous of the Ngoni generals, named Dawambi, led off a great war dance which was very well fitted to make one's hair stand up. This valiant's war whoop was "submit." His movements, as I witnessed on another occasion, were terrible to behold. We were wont to call him Belshazzar, as in his war dancing "he lifted up himself against the Lord of Heaven." With spear in hand he began by walking with uplifted proud look, round and round in front of his warriors, while they continued beating their shields with their war clubs. Then, kicking the dust of the cattle-fold over those around, and pointing his spear at them in seeming indignation, he cried, "submit." The assembled thousands of warriors, beating their shields, cried "submit." Proceeding, he named the several surrounding tribes; the hills and mountains; the sun, moon, and stars; his fury seemingly waxing stronger,

and the clouds of dust flying, while at each call the warriors beat their shields and cried "submit." The elements of nature, rain, thunder, lightning, were all called upon to submit; and, amid the increasing din of shield-beating and roaring of the warriors, the climax of his dance and his daring blasphemy was reached, when, pointing his spear to the sky, he cried, as the foam flew from his mouth, "Thou who art above, submit!" The tumult was as if all assembled had turned into demons, and it is not surprising that great fear fell on William Koyi, who was alone at the time. Mombera saw his discomfiture, and perhaps feared for his life, and, rising up went and took him by the hand and led him to his own place, and sat down beside him. It was what, probably, saved his life on that occasion, for if once a cry for blood went out in a company of warriors fired by such dancing as that of Dawambi, they indeed became as mad dogs, or worse. Such scenes have forever passed away, but in those days they always ended in bloodshed.

ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT.

William was in perils oft. On a visit to Ngoniland of some of the members of the Bandawe staff, one of the party in a very natural manner touched the head of one of Mombera's children, and remarked how fine a child he was. To do such a thing is considered unlucky. It so happened that when the party left William, to return to Bandawe, the child sickened and died. The cry was raised that he had been bewitched when he was patted on the head. The matter was threatening enough at the time, and it revealed something of Mombera's character when he secretly informed William, and said that he himself did not agree with those who said the child had been bewitched. The matter was of great importance, and the council summoned the divining men, who fortunately blamed some evil spirit and not the member of the mission. The council were not satisfied, and more than likely the party opposed to the mission conceived the idea of seizing on this as a pretext for driving William out of the country, if not

for killing him. Secretly, Mombera informed him of all that was going on. The council insisted on having recourse to the poison ordeal. Fowls, to represent the mission party, had the poison administered to them. They all vomited, which sign had to be taken as clearing the accused. But so determined, apparently, were the council to obtain a conviction, that they remembered that the usual test as to whether the presiding doctor was giving true poison (*mwave*) had not been carried out. They treated one other fowl to the poison, and the result established the innocence of the missionaries. The incident serves to show how insecure from man's point of view the position of our hero often was, but to one who walked with God there was in all these things great spiritual help.

These were not the only occasions on which our colleague was placed in trying circumstances, which required great wisdom, manliness, and devotion to duty; but all through there was no wavering or weakness shown. He understood his position, and the trust

Women Witch Doctors of South Africa.

which was placed in him, and with characteristic humility and absence of self-seeking, he went through it all, counting it an honor to be a messenger of the cross to Ngoni. Those who have to deal with natives understand how many, who are otherwise good and trustworthy, lose themselves entirely when entrusted with a little authority. But William Koyi never forgot "the hole of the pit whence he was dug," and the character for steadiness, humility, and devotion to duty, which Dr. Stewart gave him, was fully borne out to the very end.

In those early years of the work among the Ngoni, William had to bear the chief burden of the frequent outbursts of Ngoni pride and impatience. If he was not there alone, and having to meet them himself, he was, till near his death, required as interpreter and chief speaker. I became aware, on several occasions, that he hid from others and from me much of the anger, hard words, and evil intentions of the Ngoni. He was, as a native, able to discount what they said; but his kindly nature

was shown in his rather suffering obloquy himself than that his white friends should be distressed.

WILLIAM AS AN EVANGELIST.

William Koyi was a devoted evangelist, and, so far as liberty to carry on mission work was given, he was eager to embrace every opportunity for telling of the love of Christ. His life was a sermon which made the people wonder, question, and think. More by personal talks than by set discourse he exercised an influence over the thought of the people, which we can never fully measure. While they were willing to twist our statements to fit them in with their own practices, and to ignore the real object of our presence, he kept our object ever before them, and compelled their attention to it, in a way at once effectual and without irritating them. He was a diligent student of the Word of God, and with much warmth of Christian experience he was ever a happy Christian. He had persevered to acquire a very fair use of the English language and

literature. A common Kaffir—"a mission Kaffir"—to be sneered at by white men not in possession of a tithe of his manliness or moral character, he was one with whom it was a privilege to associate, and from whom, I acknowledge with pride, I received unmeasured help, and to whose achievements in those early days the success we can now chronicle is in a large measure due. He died before he saw much fruit of his labors among the Ngoni. He lived in the assurance that the day would soon come when the work would be allowed to go on unhindered by the council. He could take a comprehensive view of the aims and work of the mission, looking beyond the immediate future, to a degree very remarkable for a native. He strongly urged upon his fellow-countrymen in the colony the importance and character of the work, and the call for them to give themselves to it. The following is part of a letter written in 1883:

"It will be a great day when the native Christians of South Africa will willingly undertake the work here, and give up their lives

to come and teach their countrymen at Lake Nyasa. I wish I had a better education; I would give myself wholly to my countrymen here. Here is work for Christ standing still. You (native Christians) have received much, and have received education. I do not say you do not work with that education where you are, but can you not spare even two to come and teach these people who are dying in darkness? What am I to think, and what encouragement will my poor soul receive, if no attempts are made by you to second my poor efforts? My great wish* is that there was a white and also a native missionary here, and then the work would progress. I think there should be more coming to help in this great work."

A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

And his death? How died the faithful soldier of the cross? As he had lived, strong in faith and in the assurance of acceptance with God

*This "great wish" was the conviction of Dr. Laws also, and my being sent out in 1884 was the response to it of friends at home.

through the merits of Jesus Christ. The sickness from which he died ran a rapid course. Having to go to Bandawe, I left him convalescent from an attack of fever. I had only been gone a few days when his condition became serious, and he expressed a desire to have me with him. I hurried back and found, to my dismay, that a dangerous affection of the heart had supervened. He rallied for a time, and though still confined to bed, he was full of hope that he was to be raised up again for his work. One day toward the end, a large deputation of the chief's headmen were seen ascending the hill to the station. From previous experience we had only too good reasons to be anxious as to their object. Great was William's regret that he could not take his wonted place when the deputation arrived. It was the first occasion on which I had been deprived of his help. I was very anxious, but soon the occasion was one for glad thankfulness to Almighty God. They had come to proclaim that we were now free to teach the children and to go about in the country. As soon as

they left, I hastened to the sick chamber to give the good news to my dear colleague. As I entered (he was sitting propped up in bed on account of his labored breathing) he said eagerly, "What is it?" "Can you believe it," I said, "we have now full liberty to carry on all our work and open schools?" Clasping his hands, and taking up the words of the aged Simeon as he beheld the Savior, with a never-to-be-forgotten gleam of joy lighting up his wasted countenance, he said, "Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!"

He was overcome and lay for a time as if dead. The words he uttered were his prayer, and it was answered two days afterward, when, in peace he was taken to the higher service of the sanctuary above. "My Savior is with me," were his last words. The words he uttered were also his thanksgiving, and his resignation. During the interval till his death, quite contrary to his former hopefulness of recovery, he was assured he was to die. Once he said he would like to be raised up to see the

work in progress, but he knew it was to be otherwise, and he said it was best.

So died William Koyi, a humble and faithful follower of the Savior; a trophy from heathenism, and the pioneer of the Gospel in Ngoniland. It was meet that, his work done, his dust should rest where he had fought the battle, and his grave become the title-deed to "Ngoniland for Christ." His was the first mission grave opened there.

John Ruskin says, "The lives we need to have written for us are those of the people whom the world has not thought of—who are yet doing the most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done."

No. VIII.

The Blind Apostle of Manchuria.

HE simple story of Ch'ang's conversion and apostolic labors is in itself a whole volume of evidences of Christianity. He was a member of the Hun Yuen, a sect of Buddhists that abstained from both flesh and wine, as vegetarians, and are, in their way, very earnest, devout, and zealous. They form one of very many secret organizations in China, and because of this principle of secrecy, are under suspicion by the government as involving danger, possibly, to the imperial rule. Their rites of initiation, like those of freemasonry, are profoundly secret.

Ch'ang was a blind man, but tho outwardly blind, the inward eye was opened to the truth wherever he could find it. He was well trained in the teachings not only of Buddha but of Confucius, but as is too often the case, these

systems of ethics failed to touch his heart or rule his conduct, and among other vices which ruled him was an inveterate attachment to gambling.

In 1886, when about thirty-seven years of age, his sight began to fail rapidly, and he was threatened with total blindness.

He lived in Tai-ping-kou, a remote mountain village; but the report of the wonderful cures accomplished by Dr. Christie, a medical missionary of the United Presbyterian Church at Moukden, Manchuria, penetrated to his distant home. In hopes that his sight might be restored, he undertook a journey of more than one hundred miles, groping his way as a blind man over weary roads, to place himself under Dr. Christie's care and treatment.

In order to pay the debts incurred in gambling, he had sold whatever he possessed, and took with him what remained, to pay for his lodging, etc., in Moukden; but, falling among robbers, he was despoiled of everything on the way, and left to starve. Nevertheless he plodded on, weak and weary, until one morn-

ing, destitute and desolate, and with scarcely any clothes left upon him, and in the last stages of dysentery, this poor blind man was found at the gate of the mission hospital. The beds were all full, but so great was the compassion awakened in his behalf, that the native evangelist gave up his own couch, that Ch'ang might be provided for. He received the best care and nursing, and before long his health was restored.

The treatment of his eyes issued in a partial cure, so that he was able to see a little, but, soon after he left the hospital, a Chinese friend and adviser assured him that he would regain his sight by *pricking his eyes with a needle!* Poor Ch'ang submitted to the operation, but the very natural result was that, instead of remedying his blindness, it now became total and incurable.

However, his reception at the mission hospital was not in vain. He had heard some Christian instruction, and the seeds of the kingdom took root in his very soul. He had known enough of Buddha and Confucius to

Blind Hannah and One of Her Classes of Chinese Women.

find whatever was helpful in their teaching, but he now saw that Christ alone was able to feed and fill the longings of his soul, and he at once received Him not only as Savior, but as Master and Lord. Desirous to fulfil all righteousness, he asked to be baptized; but as a month had not then expired since his conversion, his teacher felt that it was wiser to put him on probation, deferring his baptism until his piety had been subjected to a longer test. How pathetic was the reply of this blind disciple: "None of my people have ever heard even the name of Jesus, or of His offer of the gift of eternal life; and do you think I can keep that to myself any longer? I do wish for baptism, but I can not delay my return."

So this poor blind man was dismissed without having received the outward sign and seal of his new discipleship; but his friend, Rev. James Webster, comforted him with the promise that he would by and by seek him out in his remote mountain village, and there administer the ordinance. There were, however, only three missionaries in Moukden, and

the duties incumbent upon them were more numerous and onerous than they could properly discharge; so that a half year had elapsed before Mr. Webster could go to Tai-ping-kou, and even then he found the journey very difficult. What was his astonishment, as he approached this distant abode of Ch'ang, to find that, altho blindness is so common in China—it is supposed that there are 500,000 blind people in the empire, or an average of about one in every six hundred souls—this poor blind man seemed to be a famous character in the vicinity; and, when at length he reached the village, which no foreigner appeared ever to have visited before, instead of being received with the usual signs of aversion, called "foreign devil," etc., the village schoolmaster, Mr. Li, gave him a cordial welcome, as the expected "pastor" whose visit had been promised, and who had at length come to fulfil his promise. From him Mr. Webster learned that Ch'ang had gone forth on his daily occupation, itinerating from village to village, unhindered by the muddy swamps, rugged hills,

and crooked paths, which even to those who had sight proved so wearisome and difficult, and that the sole work of Ch'ang was to witness for the new Jesus whom he had found, and to tell the people about his Savior and Lord. Sometimes in the evenings he gathered hundreds of hearers beneath the shade of willow trees, or availed himself of such smaller gatherings as he could assemble in private houses.

His experience had been of a somewhat varied character. He was at first met with ridicule, or with pity, as one who was not only blind but crazy; but he persevered, meanwhile giving the higher witness of a holy life and a transformed character. Public opinion was divided, some blessing and some cursing, but still he kept on in his blessed work, living for God and walking in His fellowship, praying in faith for help from above, and singing the one hymn that he had learned in the hospital:

This I know, that Jesus loves me.

These daily journeys were taken alone—a blind man, with no companion but his staff,

and no guide but his invisible Master, unweariedly telling the simple story of good news of eternal life in Jesus Christ to all whom he could induce to listen.

Mr. Li, already referred to as the village schoolmaster, and himself the first convert won to Christ by Ch'ang, testified that the result of these simple apostolic journeys was, that a large number first inquired earnestly about the doctrine that Ch'ang taught, and then became sincere believers, and desired to be faithful followers of this new Master.

When Ch'ang came back from his day's work, his delight on learning that Mr. Webster had come was most touching to behold. From his sightless eyes tears flowed down, as he exclaimed: "Oh, pastor, I always said you would come!" his words showing that others had met with scoffing his confidence in his friend's promise. Very soon he had sent messengers in every direction to the various villages roundabout, and his converts soon arrived. One by one, in their own simple way, but with deep feeling and earnest resolution,

they told of their faith in Jesus, and gave such proofs of genuineness that, on the next day, nine of them, with their blind teacher at the head, received baptism, and thus outwardly put on Christ, altho such obedience to His commands exposed them not only to ridicule and opposition, but to the risk of persecution even unto death, and in forms atrociously cruel. Others likewise wishing baptism, they were told to wait until they could be more fully taught in the things of God. Let us hear Mr. Webster's own testimony:

"One thing of which I am well assured, is this: Blind Ch'ang, of Tai-ping-kou, with little knowledge, but with a heart thrilled to the core with the truth which he knew, had in these months done more work and better work for the Kingdom of Heaven than half-a-dozen foreign missionaries could have done in as many years. And this is only one of many proofs that China must be evangelized by the Chinese."

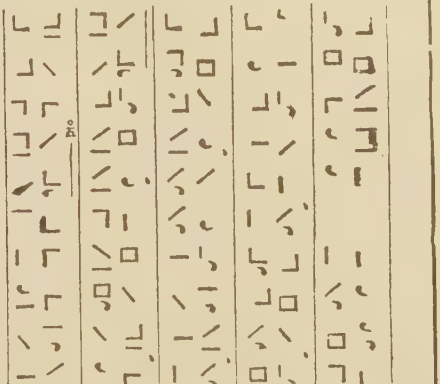
Ch'ang told Mr. Webster of a night-vision which he had, soon after leaving the mission,

and which had been a great source of comfort. He had seen the Savior in white garments and with a dazzling crown, approaching him with a book in His hand, which he gave to him with a smile, and straightway vanished. Mr. Webster interpreted his vision: the Word of God was now to be given to the blind, and if he wished to teach others, he must himself learn to read the book. He then told him of Mr. W. H. Murray's school for the blind at Peking, and encouraged him to go there as a student.

The thought of learning to read and write seemed to Ch'ang like a myth, but to please his teacher and pastor, he promised that he would do his best; and, led by a blind lad, he undertook on foot the hundred miles' journey over the mountains to Moukden, then he took boat to Niu Chwang, and by cart, from Tung-chow to Peking. He was greeted with a warm welcome by Mr. Murray, and, within three months, he had so mastered the arts of reading and writing, and also of writing and reading music, that he himself undertook to instruct a

MR. MURRAY'S SYSTEM OF EMBOST DOTS FOR THE BLIND.

A portion of a page from one of the Gospels. The dots are raised for the blind.



SYMBOLS FOR SIGHTED PERSONS IN MURRAY'S NUMERAL TYPE.

A portion of a page from the book of Acts.

pupil. Mr. Murray desired Ch'ang to remain for a longer course of teaching, but the blind lad, who had conducted him, continued to be ill, and his own longing to go back to his countrymen and impart the knowledge of Jesus to them impelled him to return. He said: "My countrymen are all heathen, and I must go and show them what Jesus has done for me, and teach them His precious Gospel." He started for home, provided with such portions of the Scriptures as had then been stereotyped by the blind students, and with a new writing frame, and soon gladdened Mr. Murray's heart by a letter from his own hand in embossed type. Again he began his daily journeys, reading the Word of God to crowds of his countrymen, who were surprised to see a blind man read with his finger tips.

Four years later he returned to Peking for further instruction, and, since then, has been working as a pioneer in the Manchurian mountains, at one time reaching a district fully two hundred miles eastward. His work has been prospered in a most remarkable degree,

and many thank God that Ch'ang became blind, for otherwise there might have been no Christians as yet in that vicinity.

Rev. John Ross, D.D., well known for his apostolic labors in Manchuria, visited Tai-ping-kou in 1890, and thus testified to those converted through Ch'ang's preaching:

"One of those baptized, named Lin, was at one time a highway robber. He was also a heavy opium smoker, and guilty of most of the vices of vicious China. His was a decided case of thorough conversion. A look into the man's face showed what a change had come over him.

"Next to him stood a native doctor, close upon seventy years of age, who had come from a long distance to ask for baptism. He had heard the story of the cross from an old member. He wondered whether it was possible that God could display such mercy as to forgive the sins of a lifetime. Simple-minded as a child, this man received the truth with joy.

"Beside him was a man named Chao, who had from youth up earnestly sought after truth.

He had become a strict ascetic at an early age, and always meditated on 'The True.' His influence afterward became so great that over a thousand disciples followed his lead, and practised the same austerities and religious forms. His word with them was law. (He was the local leader of the Hun Yuen sect.) A more modest man I have not met in Manchuria, nor a man who had dived so deep into the treasures of truth. The questions which he constantly presented showed him to be a profound thinker. His one great regret was that he had led so many men in search of peace, 'on the wrong way.' Most of his disciples are well-to-do, and he loses a large income by becoming a Christian.

"Close by this man stood a man of twenty-two, a disciple of the last mentioned. His father is one of the largest landowners in that region. His parents were quite willing that he should be baptized, being themselves secret believers, also disciples of Chao.

"The fifth was a blind man, formerly a schoolmaster, whose peace of mind was well

displayed in a face always shining with the light within. Before a year is over, each of these will have borne his own fruit, in bringing others in.

"There was in all a company of twenty-four believers, who met twice daily for Christian instruction. They certainly seemed like thirsty ground drinking in the refreshing rain. For an hour each time I spoke on some Christian truth, and when done, I was plied with questions to elicit further instructions."

In 1891, Rev. James Webster once more visited the district of Tai-ping-kou, and we add his testimony:

"Ch'ang was looking stout and ruddy, as if his frequent fastings had done him no harm.

"Where six years ago we stood and viewed the wide surrounding country wholly given to idolatry, without a single believer, there are now upward of 150 baptized converts, and as many more who believe, and who will ere long proclaim themselves for Christ. But that does not tell half the story of blessing, for from that valley rays of Gospel light have streamed out

to other villages which were sitting in darkness, but are now rejoicing in the light. Many are the imperfections of the converts, and great is their need for further instruction, but their word has been wonderfully owned of God. Truly this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

In 1892, the year of persecution, Ch'ang's converts were found to number over three hundred, and about three years later, fully five hundred. In the early years of his work, Mr. Li, his first convert, was his assistant in teaching and preaching; and in 1897 Mr. Webster thus sums up the results of Ch'ang's preaching:

"The work in Mai-mai-gai was certainly begun by him, and so we may say that indirectly the church in that region owes its existence, under God, to blind Ch'ang. Several years ago he went to another district, 200 miles further east, and began a work there which has prospered year by year, and is one of our most hopeful stations at the present moment. Ch'ang has his failings like everybody else, but take him all around, there is no

more earnest or successful lay evangelist in Manchuria, or one who has been more blessed of God in winning men to Christ. Hundreds in Manchuria owe their Christian faith to his direct agency, and hundreds more are in the church to-day as the fruits of the seed he was privileged to sow. He has been the means of winning more men for Christ than any other man I know."

The memory of this blind man is surprising. He now knows by heart the whole of the New Testament, the Psalms, and several other Old Testament books, and can quote them with such amazing exactness, that if you mention a chapter and ask him to repeat, say from a certain verse to the end of another, he faultlessly quotes what lies between these limits, even to the exact words which begin and end the passage. Surely this blind apostle of Manchuria is, as we said at the beginning, himself an all-convincing argument for the truth and power of the Gospel, and his zeal for God and passion for souls put more favored disciples to shame. Who can estimate by any

mathematical calculation the worth of one such convert to the kingdom of God? How vain to raise that carnal question, "Do Missions Pay?" in view of results like these, which only eternity can measure or weigh!

No. IX.

Among the Little Waifs of London.*

HE "Nestor of Home Missions," as Mr. George Holland is commonly regarded, is almost as well known in the United States as in England. Hosts of American visitors find their way to this famous evangelical center to interview the grand old veteran, and to study for themselves the remarkable cluster of Christian and philanthropic agencies which have grown up around him.

The locality in which Mr. Holland labors is one of the poorest and most dense in London. It is not now, however, the Whitechapel of olden times, nor even of forty-five years ago, when, in response to the marvelous leadings of the Lord, these institutions were first begun in humbleness and obscurity. From time im-

* This sketch was furnished by "Pearl Fisher," the late Thomas Paul.

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GEO. HOLLAND.
"The Nestor of City Missions."

memorial, Whitechapel has been the dumping-place of the crime of the country round about, a place of refuge for the worst desperadoes, criminals, and the viciously inclined. Even forty years ago when the work was first started, the district was infested by multitudes of the most depraved and dangerous classes. Almost every house was a den of thieves and harlots, while most of the public houses were common resorts of gangs of sharpers and criminals of all kinds. Part of the present mission building actually stands on the spot occupied for nearly two centuries by a tavern called the "Black Horse," one of the most notorious of such dens. It is said to have been labyrinthed by secret exits and cunning contrivances to facilitate the escape of fugitives from the law. For many decades these baffled the ingenuity of the detectives, but at length strong measures were adopted; the license of the tavern was canceled, and this nest of crime was finally swept away.

"Thus," as has been said, "the headquarters of the George Yard Missions are pitched on an

extinct volcano; the main block being built on the site of an ancient distillery, and the shelter on the ground formerly occupied by the infamous 'Black Horse,'—that rendezvous of highwaymen, robbers, and murderers." Traces of these evil days lingered long on the premises. A large drain-pipe gave much trouble by repeated stoppages. It was found to be choked with empty purses, which had evidently been snatched from passers-by, rifled of their contents, and thrown on the roof. In the early days of the mission the women of the courts around would suddenly all blossom out in new print dresses, "all of a pattern," as the result of a raid upon some dry goods store. The second day on which Mr. Holland first visited the scene of his future labors, a policeman, with kindly intent, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Do you know where you are going, Sir?" "Yes, I do," was the reply. "Very well, all that I can say is that many gentlemen have gone down there, who have never appeared again, and I thought I must warn you."

Happily this state of things has now passed away. Poor as the district is, visitors of to-day may venture into it with safety. Criminals are far from extinct, but law and order have the upper hand. At one time the cry of "Stop thief," might resound fifty times a day in High Street, now it is of rare occurrence. It might not, however, be advisable, even yet, for a visitor to flaunt a gold chain or sparkling jewel in the hungry eyes of the hanger-on of Whitechapel or Mile End Waste. But the change from former days is marvelous, a change which has undoubtedly been largely brought about by the beneficent operations of the George Yard Ragged School Mission, and similar institutions. During the great dock strike, which shook London to its center, the strikers—gaunt, grim, and desperate—were marching *en masse* past the mission premises, when a socialistic leader, who stood watching, turned to Mr. Holland, and said, "Do you know what keeps these men from sacking London?" "What do you mean?" was the reply. "Only this, it is the influence of such

missions of mercy as yours." All thoughtful, observant men know that this witness is true.

It may be interesting and instructive to recall the origin of this noble and useful work. God still selects and trains men of His own choosing for His service in special spheres. It was so in this case. Into this region of crime and shame and misery there came, forty-five years ago, a young man wholly without thought of any special labor among the poor. His purpose was to "read" with the incumbent of an adjoining church, and so prepare himself for ordination to the ministry of the Church of England. But God had other plans for George Holland. Introduced into Whitechapel, seemingly by chance, he saw things of which he had never dreamed as possible in London. His heart was deeply moved at the sight of youthful depravity, neglect, and suffering which he saw on every side. The burden pressed upon his soul, and without thought of any future vocation, he was led—touched in some degree by that compassion which welled

forth from the heart of our Lord when he wept over rebellious Jerusalem—to gather around him a few ragged boys that he might instruct them intellectually and morally. Unpromising material they undeniably were. Board schools and Sunday-schools were alike unknown to them. Discipline they scouted; lessons they abhorred. Suspicion and distrust were deeply rooted by daily contact with lawless and cruel men. With such boys force was of no avail to improve their condition. If anything was to be done for them, it must be by the constraint of love. To mission-workers of to-day this is a truism, but the young pioneer of forty years ago had to learn it by experience. Toilsome and tedious was the task, but love and patience prevailed. Rude, rough, and reckless as his first boys seemed, heartbreaking and hopeless as their condition appeared to be, the youthful but earnest worker was enabled by God's help to persevere until he gained their affection and confidence. So completely did he win them that they walked to North London twice a day to escort him to and from

Whitechapel. Nor did this clamorous body-guard escape public notice. The dwellers in that quiet neighborhood in North London were at first alarmed at the invasion of these fifty Whitechapel urchins, but soon found that they had no evil intent. These early and unorganized efforts were far from fruitless. God gave His young servant much encouragement, so that to-day in many parts of the world there may be found godly and prosperous men, who owe their well-being to these early endeavors in Whitechapel.

Mr. Holland soon found that his whole time must be given to this work, and he settled down to labor permanently among the outcast and neglected, the ragged and wretched boys and girls of East London. The highways, courts, and alleys of Whitechapel were scoured, bringing together the most motley and grotesque assemblies it is possible to imagine. Crowds of ill-fed, ill-clad children were collected, of whom scarcely one in five boasted shoes and stockings. This "raw material" had a kind of magnetic attraction for George Hol-

land; to mold and shape it for God, to gather and polish these rough diamonds for his Master became the aim of his life. He made many and great personal sacrifices in order to devote himself to the rescue of these neglected children, and to point them to that Savior of whom they knew as little as the "untutored Hottentot." But from that time his days have been devoted with singular assiduity and simplicity of purpose to the service whereunto he so manifestly was called.

Work of this kind must grow—it is the law of life. A little dismal room was secured in George Yard for the first class of rough boys; but the children thronged in, and before long provision had to be made for them. This necessitated a new departure. More workers were needed, for one man could not do it all. More funds were required to furnish suitable accommodations and appliances. Both of these needs were left with God, and both workers and funds were provided as they were required. Mr. Holland says:

"Nothing has been more remarkable in the

whole history of the mission than the way in which every lack has been met—often it has seemed nothing less than miraculous. Funds have come, we know not how; workers have been raised up, and we can only look on them as sent of God. We have been wonderfully favored with devoted workers, belonging to all ranks of society. Peeresses have been among our most energetic teachers. Men of high rank have taught in the classes, side by side with humble costers and work girls. Some who in later years have done noble service for God, first caught the enthusiasm in our East End Mission rooms. We can never forget the service rendered by the Misses Beauchamp and their devoted brother, now an honored missionary in China. Nor is this singular in our experience. We have had help from those moving in Royal circles, while ladies of exalted rank have regularly conducted Bible classes, traveling in some cases from distant country seats on purpose to meet their class, and returning home again in the evening."

Mr. Holland tells the following incident

showing God's care for those who trust Him:

"One very cold February morning, when the snow lay thick on the pavement, about 350 hungry and half-clad children stood outside the George Yard Mission school. The newspapers that morning had published the sad news about the distress that existed in East London, and stated that some had perished from want and exposure, and that many more were starving.

"I left home earlier than usual, so that the children should be admitted into the lodge room, and be able to warm themselves by the fire. The door was opened and the children were admitted, but most of them were crying from hunger and cold. I was without money. To whom could I turn but to the Lord. We knelt in prayer, and told God about our distress. We waited, but no food came. Twelve o'clock, 1 o'clock came, and still no food. At 2 o'clock a poor girl (carrying a baby in her arms, its little head drooping) said: 'Please, may I go and ask my heavenly Father for

food?' She retired, and on returning said: 'I think He has heard me.' But 3 o'clock came, and still no food. At 4 a loud knocking was heard as the door. Outside was a large wagon in charge of a gentleman, who asked:

"'Do you want any food?'

"'Yes.'

"It took four men to lift down the large can of good soup from the wagon, and carry it inside the mission room. The gentleman left without telling his name or how he came to bring the soup, or where he came from, and bade me ask no questions. He would send for the can. 'You will find that it is coarsely made,' he said; 'we had no time to cut up the vegetables; you will find whole onions, carrots, heads of celery, plenty of meat.'

"The children were sent home for basins, and returned with divers kind of utensils; flower-pots, with the hole stopped by a cork, broken cups, jars, sauce-pans, tin cans—anything. While we were in the midst of serving out this welcome meal, the gentleman returned,

and said, 'You can not do without bread.' He handed me a card, on which was written a large order on a bakery near at hand. When asked how he knew that we were in need of food, he replied:

"'At 9 o'clock this morning I was reading about the distress in the papers. We had some broken food in the house, meat and vegetables were purchased, roughly prepared, and made into soup. After having put it into the can I started for Whitechapel and called at the baker's shop, where I purchased the bread, and asked if they knew of any one who would like to have the soup. They sent me on to you.'"

The "Children's Earl," the great and good Lord Shaftesbury, identified himself in a special manner with George Yard, spending hours there in a most simple and homely way, making himself perfectly free and happy with the poor children, and speaking constantly of Mr. Holland as a personal friend. "I would rather," he said, "be George than ninety-nine hundredths of the great dead and living." The

Earl's diary has many such references to George Yard Mission, and "that inestimable man, George Holland." Many tokens of his regard may be seen at the mission, where also are loyally cherished two precious volumes sent by her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and inscribed with her own hand. There are other gifts inscribed from H. R. H. the Duchess of Teck, and from her daughter, Princess May, now the Duchess of York. These facts are referred to, simply to show the way in which God has acknowledged and supported this work. To omit them would be to miss one characteristic feature of the institution, in which rich and poor have very happily been brought together in a way helpful to both. It may also be recorded that in this East End Mission to the poor and outcast, some of the rich and noble have been converted to God.

The work which began with the children soon included their elders. In early days these were hard to reach. For a long time they refused even to come into the mission

rooms. But Mr. Holland would not be discouraged. He hired a little room in a blind alley, and there began to hold meetings for them. All the light they had was from two candles stuck in the necks of bottles. These meetings went on very well, until one evening the floor caved in with the unaccustomed weight. The landlord, a Jew, then built a small hall, into which were gathered many of the most wretched and degraded.

Meanwhile the work at the central mission was growing as the children flocked in and workers were raised up by God. Day schools were started for the illiterate children, and are yet maintained with great efficiency. Only a short time ago, in paying a visit to these schools, I found every seat occupied by children of the most neglected and destitute class, who, while learning the rudiments of arithmetic and letters, were also being educated in Christian love, cleanliness, and obedience. The same type of children throng the Sunday-schools, morning, afternoon, and evening, each Lord's day. More than sixty thousand children have

passed through these schools, and the number of the redeemed who have been gathered there, no man can tell. Innumerable testimonials might be given of those who have passed in to see the King, and of others who are still serving Him as pastors, missionaries, evangelists, teachers, and Christian men of business.

Dwelling among his loved children, daily observant of their needs and temptations, Mr. Holland added a host of useful agencies, each with its definite aim. These include industrial and sewing classes for boys who have never learnt to use their hands; sewing classes for girls and women; boys' clubs, to keep them from the evils of the streets; Bible classes for old and young; games and recreation classes for the little ones; free meals and other well-devised plans for feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. It is the boast at George Yard that no really destitute child is ever sent away hungry. Moreover, homeless and friendless waifs frequently turn up, and these are sheltered, taught, and cared for, until friends are found, or they are ready to earn their own

living. There is also a crèche (or day nursery), and never does the veteran superintendent seem more happy than when among his babies, who throng the airy nursery, as merry with their toys and nurses as the day is long.

The work among the young people—particularly in behalf of young working-girls—has assumed large dimensions, and has been the means of saving hundreds from treading the path of sin and shame. Classes, clubs, and reading-rooms are provided, and the crown was put on this branch of the work not long ago by the opening of the beautiful Kinnaird Room as an evening resort for working-girls.

The evangelistic services at the mission are deeply interesting by reason of the poverty of those who attend. In few places in London can such an audience be found. Five or six hundred of the poorest of the poor may be seen gathered here any Sunday evening. They listen quietly to the Gospel, plainly and faithfully spoken, and the services have been much owned of God. But in addition to this, the Gospel is also carried to those who will not come

to hear; workers go even into the common lodging houses, the last miserable resort of the fallen, the sinful, the self-destroyed. Great difficulty was found at first in entering these places, but now a welcome is given to the workers who are brave enough to face such unutterable abominations of a common kitchen that they may have an opportunity to tell of the love of Christ to those weak and wandering sheep. Open-air preaching is now regularly carried on without interruption or difficulty; but in the pioneer days the open-air preachers—often Mr. Holland by himself—had to endure much fierce opposition, and to stand fire in the shape of old boots and bottles, decayed vegetables, and many viler missiles. The people now listen respectfully and willingly.

The master-vice of Whitechapel being intemperance, the mission has all along put Gospel temperance well to the front, and for many years a special woman missionary has been at work, going from house to house among inebriate women. Many, formerly slaves to strong drink, have, by patient en-

deavor and tireless watchfulness, been freed from slavery to this accursed and soul-destroying habit. A weekly meeting is held for the reclaimed drunkards, and their testimonies and fervent prayers for others still enslaved, are singularly inspiring, though often decidedly unconventional. There are also bands of hope and total abstinence societies vigorously and effectively at work.

Far away from dingy Whitechapel, but connected with this work, a beautiful colony has been established by the generosity of Lady Ashburton on her estate at Addiscombe. This colony includes the "Mary Baring Nest," for ailing children; the "Louisa Lady Ashburton Rest," for worn out and convalescent parents; and the "George Holland Dovecot Home," for mothers and infants. To these has lately been added an iron room for evangelistic and other services. All these were erected and are maintained by her ladyship on behalf of Mr. Holland's poor. Moreover, H. R. H. the late Duchess of Teck regularly received, two by two, poor women, for three weeks at a time,

at her cottage near the White Lodge, in Coombe Wood, her usual residence. Another branch is the Training Home for Motherless Girls, now situated at Addiscombe, but originally opened by Miss Marsh and her sister, Mrs. Chalmers, at Beckenham. Large numbers of friendless and endangered girls have passed through this home, and are now in service or in homes of their own. Still another beautiful holiday home for poor children from George Yard was erected by Mr. H. Barclay at Great Bookham, in memory of a dear friend, and in place of an expensive monument. But, indeed, the story of such love gifts is well nigh endless. At the mission center itself block after block has been added, as need arose, by stewards of God, who have been content to remain unknown. To attempt to chronicle all the tokens of a Father's loving hand, which have signalized the history of George Yard, would be a hopeless undertaking. From first to last it has been evident to all beholders that, working in the line of the Divine purpose, the blessing of the Lord has rested upon it. Trials

of faith, failures, and disappointments have not been lacking, but out of them all God gave deliverance. Like that other veteran of faith, George Müller, George Holland has proved afresh in the eyes of men that he who trusteth in Jehovah shall not be put to shame.

No. X.

The Open Door into Ecuador.

BY GEO. S. FISHER.

A FEW days of tossing on the sea, a short ride across the Isthmus, a calm journey down the coast and "Over the line," four days of travel on mule-back, toiling up the mountains, a wet, cold night in a shepherd's hut on old Chimborazo, 14,000 feet above the sea, a day and a half by stage, and I arrived in sight of Quito—a city whose history is shrouded with a record of licentiousness, murder, rapine, torture, ignorance, and superstition—all that cruel Spain, the unscrupulous priests, and inhuman rulers could make it; but the streams have washed the blood away, the rocks are dumb, and she still lies at the feet of old Pichincha, fair and beautiful, and, thank God, I believe

that for her the first rays of light are streaking the mountains and the *morning dawneth* when there shall be here sounded out the true and glorious Gospel of the Son of God.

A few mornings after my arrival I climbed the mountain for a short distance, and sat down to pray to the Great Creator and to look over the city. Though 10,000 feet above the sea, Quito is situated in a valley almost surrounded by mountains, and three or four snow-capped peaks are to be seen on a clear day, among them the lofty whitened head of Cotopaxi, some 18,000 feet high. It is not now an active volcano, but sends forth enough light steam to form a cloud that appears to sit upon its brow like a silvery plume. The city contains 60,000 people, and is built very compactly, the streets are paved, and fountains where the drinking water is obtained, play in all the principal plazzas, while numerous streams of water run through the city underground. The climate is quite cold, plenty of rain falls, and hail is not infrequent. But a few hours distant hot valleys are reached, while wheat, corn,

potatoes, etc., are raised in other parts, so that the markets are well supplied with eatables, which are generally sold very cheap. The best restaurant in the city serves meals—about five courses—for twenty cents, and house-rent is quite reasonable. Wool abounds, and some very good, but coarse cloth is manufactured. Almost the entire work of the city is performed by the Indians, and their powers of endurance are marvelous, but they are poorly paid, and are kept in ignorance and poverty.

Perhaps one-fourth of the city is occupied by churches, convents, etc.—one of the churches with its attachments covering nearly two entire blocks, and enclosed with a great high wall. From the days of the killing of Atahualpa, king of the Incas, by the Spanish troops, to the present time, the Indians have been treated very much as were the children of Israel under Pharaoh. The Catholic religion has been supreme, the Bible is almost unknown, and the priests have become rich and wanton, and are the fathers of many of the inhabitants. I have met here one of the

chief priests of the Cathedral, who, it is believed, poisoned the Archbishop, because he spoke against their evil practices—at any rate, the Bishop drank of the communion cup and fell dead. Sermons are no longer preached, but dozens of bells seem never to cease their clanging, calling the people to their idolatrous worship. Images are to be seen almost everywhere, and feast days to certain saints are most numerous. Processions march the streets, men with lighted candles, and the priest, arrayed in his vestments, walking under a canopy carried by a boy, on his way to administer "Extreme Unction" to the dying, while men take off their hats and women fall upon their knees on the pavement. This very day I saw a number of horrid looking images carried about the city, before whom, I suppose, some time or other, the faithful are to fall down and worship. Nuns have been paid by the government to teach the Indian children, but only attempted to instruct them so that they could read mass. Many of the people live together as man and wife without being married, be-

cause the priests charge such an exorbitant sum for performing the marriage service. All sorts of means are used to obtain money from the now poverty-stricken people. Collections are taken up in a silver box with a crucifix attached; the people kiss the image and drop their money in the box. Even the dead are not at rest, for, unless the grave-rent is kept paid up, the remains will be exhumed and carried to the burn pile. I do not wonder that in his day Luther's soul was moved within him until he was forced to cry aloud. Oh, that to-day our God would help us confess our own sin—the sins of the professing Christians of our own land; and then cry mightily for the desolate blinded people of this country, tottering fast into the grave and utter darkness forever!

Some thirty-three years ago, under the reign of President Morena (the Tyrant), a large number of foreign priests were brought into the country to help him "hold the people." He was finally stabbed as he came out of the cathedral, and from the date of his death, about 1880, until three or four years ago, there was

no strong or lasting government. The liberals desired many changes and struggled a little, but the priests and church party were so firmly entrenched, that there seemed to be no possible means of gaining a victory. But our God had heard the cries of the poor downtrodden people, and was making ready his chariot of deliverance. His ways are not our ways, but He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him.

Japan, when at war with China, wished to buy from Chili the warship "Esmeralda," but under some treaty or international law Chili could not sell to Japan, without probable trouble. Ecuador being considered a small obscure nation, it was suggested by Chili that the ship take the Ecuadorian flag and be sold as her vessel. The president, the governor at Guayaquil, and the consul at New York entered into the agreement, and, it is said, received $400,000 for the sale of the Ecuadorian flag, as the transaction was termed. In some way the action became known, a revolution was started at Guayaquil, and the pres-

ident was obliged to flee. The old government being conservative, *i. e.*, for the clergy, the liberals of course now came to the front. A "Hunta," or meeting of the leading men of Guayaquil, was called and they decided to send for Gen. Alfaro, who had been fighting for liberty for many years, but for some time past had been exiled in Central America, and proclaimed him "Jefe Supremo." He came at once, bringing with him Gen. Franco, who had also been exiled as a liberal. From Guayaquil Gen. Alfaro marched with his troops up country, taking the cities as he went, and without very much of a struggle, occupied Quito, the capital. His officers and soldiers then began the work of taking the different provinces and cities, and an election was soon ordered for delegates for a convention to reform the constitution and elect a president. There are no real elections in any part of South America—the ruling officer simply reelects himself with the aid of his troops, or designates some friend for whom the few votes are cast, and Gen. Alfaro's men were, of course, all

elected. Trouble, however, arose at Cuenca in the South, and the general was obliged to go once more to battle. After quite a severe fight Cuenca was taken and the country quieted.

On taking hold of the country Gen. Alfaro at once stopped the payment of state money to the church—perhaps a million sucres per year, or $500,000. He also found that the priests were the strong enemies of his party, and were using their vast wealth and power against the government; he therefore confiscated some of their property, and they were pretty thoroughly driven out of the Oriente and the province of Manibe, and a number of them were exiled. Three o'clock in the morning was the regular time for confession and mass, and as few people but women attended at this hour, and the priests were probably using the churches for immoral purposes, he ordered that the churches should not be opened until five o'clock. The archbishop instructed the priests to stir up the people against the government, until he was in a measure silenced, and he then pretended

that his life was in danger, and that he had left his palace and was in hiding in the city. Undoubtedly the priests and church party understood that a change had taken place, but the conservatives had much of the wealth of the country, and the priests have never been known to give up.

Gen. Franco was next to Gen. Alfaro in command of the troops, and was stationed in this city. He was supposed to rule with a much stronger hand than the president, and he was much feared. He placed the city under martial law, and the whistle of the sentinels day and night on nearly every corner, the concerts given by the two military bands, with soldiers attached, the marching of the troops through the streets, all told the people that a ruler was in their midst.

A conspiracy was formed to assassinate him, but it was discovered, the head man apprehended in the morning and shot at 4 P. M. This caused quite a stir, and Mr. Morla, the head government minister, and others resigned, but the general seemed not at all disturbed and

walked or rode in the streets with a friend or two, and held the key to the city. Both Gen. Alfaro and Gen. Franco received the writer very kindly, and offered any assistance in their power.

I found here a small grammar of the Quichua language, printed in Spanish, and had a short conversation with a nun who had been in the Oriente for seven or eight years as a teacher for the Indian children. Archidona, the capital of that province, is over the eastern range, and some seven or eight days distant, but there are no roads, and a person must walk or be carried on the backs of Indians. That town is, however, only two or three days from the Napo river, at a point where it can be navigated by small vessels to its confluence with the Amazon. The country is supposed to be healthy, and parts of it are inhabited by tribes of wild Indians who speak dialects of their own.

I found quite a number of people who are now openly opposed to the church and the priests, and while I believe that during the

past years brave, wise, Holy Ghost laborers could have lived here, and possibly with much persecution disseminated a good deal of Gospel, I could now see no reason why God's chosen workers should not come here very soon. However changeable the people may be, and whatever may in the future befall the present liberal rulers, our God still sits upon the throne, and He is well able to care for His own so that they may glorify His Son in life or even in death.

The Gospel Union, with headquarters at Kansas City, Mo., has already undertaken a work for this country. Laborers are now at Guayaquil. Brethren, pray for us.

* * * *

At the annual summer Bible School of the Gospel Union, held at Crete, Neb. (July 17 25, 1895), it pleased God to pour out upon the Christians there assembled an unusual spirit of prayer for the evangelization of the world. Without premeditation they were led to pray especially for the opening up of South America to the Gospel, and the sending forth of mis-

sionaries to that land. The interest culminated in an all-night prayer-meeting, and an offering of money, jewelry, etc., amounting in all to about $150.00 for the opening of a new mission in the Neglected Continent. To human eyes this was the beginning of the work which has since resulted in the sending of four missionaries to the hitherto closed country of Ecuador. We say, to human eyes, for in the councils of God the work had been begun before our prayers were offered. It is well known that by the Constitution of Ecuador all forms of religion, save the Roman Catholic, are prohibited from being preached or taught, and the fanaticism of the Jesuit priests, by whom the country is overrun, had served to reenforce the law, and make the preaching of the Gospel there exceedingly difficult and dangerous, if not impossible; and the result had been that there had never been any settled Protestant missionary work undertaken in the country. There have arisen, however, from time to time in Ecuador, some who have opposed this policy by pen and

sword, and who have attempted to bring about such a revolution in the government that the Constitution might be so revised as to grant religious toleration; but this liberal party had been hopelessly in the minority, the conservative element controlling both the mass of the people and the wealth of the country, while behind it was the tremendous power of the Jesuit priesthood. But God was working for Ecuador. Almost simultaneously with the Kansas Bible School a revolution was inaugurated, which went forward until Gen. Alfaro was elected, the first liberal president of the Republic; the Constitution has been revised, and we have now every reason to believe that religious toleration has been granted.

It seems to us that under such clear leadings of the Providence of God, there is nothing for us to do but to send out missionaries as rapidly as God may permit us to do so. The faith of the people in the Jesuits is shaken, the doors are opened inviting Protestant missionaries to enter, and now is the time to move forward

before the country shall settle back into infidelity and atheism, or invite the priesthood to resume control. Delay at this time may mean (as in the case of others of the South American countries) a relapse into a condition worse than that from which it is now emerging.

No. XI.

The Isles Waiting For God's Law.*

BY REV. JOHN G. PATON, D.D.
Pioneer Missionary in the New Hebrides.

GEOGRAPHERS have arranged the South Sea islands under three divisions: Polynesia, the many eastern islands between 180 degrees and South America; Melanesia, the

* Balboa, governor of Santa Maria, discovered the Southern Ocean in 1513, named it the South Sea, and took possession in the name of the king of Spain. Six years later Magellan sailed through a large portion of it, and called it the Pacific Ocean. In 1569 Mendana discovered and named the Solomon group, and in 1595 the Queen Charlotte group. The New Hebrides were discovered in 1606 by Quiros, who thought he had discovered a great southern continent, and called it the Land of the Holy Spirit. He anchored in port Philip Santo, and tried to establish a city (New Jerusalem) on the bank of the large river Yor, which runs into the bay. But the Spaniards quarreled with the natives and left it. Quiros sailed to Mexico, but Torres, the senior officer in command, sailed west, discovered and passed through Torres Straits, which bear his name, between Queensland

black islands, from the dark-brown color of their inhabitants—they include Fiji and all the islands west, with New Guinea; Micronesia, all the small islands north of the line from Hawaii on the east to China on the west. The South Sea islands are inhabited by only two races, the Malay Polynesian and the Papuan. The Malays appear to be of Asiatic origin, and

and New Guinea. Boginville discovered that it was not a continent, but a group of islands, which Quiros had discovered, and he named them the Great Cyclades. Bent on discovering new lands, about that period many eminent navigators sailed in the South Sea, but we hear nothing more of the New Hebrides till, in 1767, the famous Captain Cook sailed on his first voyage to observe the transit of Venus at Tahiti. In 1773 Captain Cook returned, and sailed twice through the group, spending 46 days in exploring and describing every island and the natives with an accuracy scarcely yet surpassed. Believing he had discovered the most westerly group in the South Sea, he gave it its present name, the New Hebrides; but 200 miles southwest he afterward discovered another large island, and called it New Caledonia. He took possession of it in the name of his sovereign, King George the Third; but in 1854, when Britain was engaged in the Crimean war, France took possession of it, and turned it into a large convict station at the door of Australia, to which, by escaped convicts, it is a source of danger and pollution. — J. G. P.

are the superior race, with well-developed, powerful persons, yellow in color, and with straight, glossy, black hair. The Papuans are so called from Papua, or New Guinea. They occupy the western islands, and are not generally so tall and handsome in person as the Malays. They are of a dark-brown color, with dark, curly hair of different shades, and appear to be allied to the negro; but have plump, pleasant features, unlike the negro and the aborigines of Australia. The Malays all speak one language, with dialectic differences, all musical and liquid, like the Italian. Every word ends in a vowel. The Papuans speak a different language on almost every island, or dialects differing, so that the natives of one island can not understand those of another; and in some groups, two or even three dialects are spoken on the same island, so different that the inhabitants of the one district can not understand those of the other. Nearly the whole, if not the whole, population of the South Sea islands were cannibals, in a state of nudity, when missionary work was begun on

them; yet even there, by God's blessing, almost every society and church engaged in the work has been used and honored in the conversion of many thousands, and now each is working on an independent portion of New Guinea for the salvation of its natives, and with encouraging success.

The New Hebrides consist of about thirty inhabited islands, with many small ones adjoining. The group lies south-southeast and north-northwest, extending over 400 miles of ocean, between 21 degrees and 15 degrees south latitude, and 171 degrees and 166 degrees east longitude. The Solomon group, which is the center of the Church of England's mission, is about 200 miles northwest from the New Hebrides. New Caledonia is about 200 miles southwest, Fiji about 400 miles, Auckland about 1,000, and Sydney, Australia, 1,400 miles distant from our group. In her first charter to New Zealand, Britain included the New Hebrides, but, apparently by some mistake, they were afterward left out. Yet, except to New Zealand and Australia,

the group is of little commercial value to any other country, on account of the great distances of all others from it.

As the natives have got nearly all the blessings of Christianity and civilization which they possess, from British missionaries and subjects, they unanimously plead for British annexation and protection; while, from the oppressive cruelty of the French to the natives, and their suppression of Protestant schools and mission work on the Loyalty group and on other groups annexed, they fear and hate them. There are other cogent reasons, for the French Senate passed a resolution "to send 100,000 of France's lowest criminals to the New Hebrides, as freed men and women, to live as they could and go where they would, on the one condition that they do not return to France." Against this Australasia and Britain protested so decidedly that the scheme was not carried out; but the resolution to deport them was renewed, and for the present the destination is kept secret. The French have recently been sending Roman Catholic priests to the

New Hebrides, apparently as political agents. A few months ago the heathen natives of one of our islands eagerly desired a Protestant missionary to settle among them, and give them the teaching of Jesus and His salvation, and when they were selling our missionaries a site for the station, two priests gave them much abuse, and told them of all the fearful calamities which would befall them if they allowed the Protestant missionaries to land on their island. These priests also gave the missionaries much abuse, and at last offered the natives three Sniders (rifles) and two large, fat hogs for the site, if they would forbid the Protestant missionaries to settle on the island. Though, above everything else, the heathen islanders desire Sniders and such fat pigs, yet they rejected the priests' offer, and sold the station to our missionaries. The highest French officials in these colonies have sent a man-of-war to the spot to investigate this case, and their report proves that it was correctly stated by us.

In 1839 the famous John Williams and Mr.

J. Harris, of the London Missionary Society, sailed to try and begin mission work on the New Hebrides, but on landing on Erromanga both were murdered by the savages, who feasted on their bodies. In 1843 Drs. Turner and Nisbet were by the London Missionary Society settled on Tanna, but about six months after, they had to escape for their lives by a passing ship. After this Samoan and Raratongan native teachers were again and again placed on the group, but they were either murdered by the savages, or died in the damp, unhealthy climate (comparatively with their own), or in sickness had to be taken home again. So no effective mission work was done on the group till in 1848 Dr. John Geddie, and in 1852 Dr. John Inglis, landed on Aneityum, where God spared and used them in bringing 3,500 cannibals on that island to serve our dear Lord Jesus Christ; and the work received great impetus, when they had translated and carried through the press the whole Bible and other books in their language. For the printing and binding of this Bible the

converted natives paid the noble British and Foreign Bible Society £1,200 sterling ($6,000), earned by them in preparing and selling arrowroot.

In 1857 the Rev. G. N. and Mrs. Gordon were placed on Erromanga, where Williams lost his life. By them God brought some fourteen young men and as many young women to renounce heathenism and serve Jesus, but in 1851 the savages one morning tomahawked both these missionaries to death. Their young converts wept and wailed over their loss, laid them in the grave, and vowed over it that they would conquer Erromanga for Jesus, or die, as their missionaries had died, in the effort. In 1864 the Rev. J. D. Gordon, going to convert, if possible, the murderers of his brother and his wife, was placed on Erromanga, and, after much successful work, the heathen there killed him also with the tomahawk in 1872. The Christian party laid his body in the grave, wept and wailed over it, and renewed their vow, and wrought and prayed till they have, indeed, conquered the island for Jesus Christ.

Now every family there daily sings the praise of His redeeming love, and tries to serve him devotedly.

In 1858 the Revs. Joseph Copeland, J. W. and Mrs. Matheson, John G. and Mrs. Paton, and in 1859 S. F. and Mrs. Johnston, were all placed on Tanna, but soon after Mr. Copeland went to Aneityum. From the first, on Tanna, as on other islands, the native priests gave much opposition to the missionaries' teaching. This priesthood is powerful and profess to have and, by sorcery, to exercise, all the powers of God. After the murder of the Gordons, a Tanna "holy" man, prejudiced by white traders, clubbed an Aneityum chief, a native teacher, who died soon after, rejoicing in Jesus Christ. Also from the effects of a savage attack upon my life and his, Mr. Johnston never rallied, but died soon after, having been only about four months on the island. In 1862, after much suffering, bereavement, and many attempts upon our lives, and the loss of all earthly property except our pocket Bibles, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, the

teachers, and I escaped by a passing ship. After reaching Aneityum Mrs. Matheson died in March and her husband in June. I left for Australia to get, if possible, more missionaries and a mission ship for our mission. There the Lord, by His people, gave me £5,000. The new *Dayspring** was bought with £3,000 of it, and the remaining £2,000 sent out and supported more missionaries. Since that time island after island has been occupied, and the Lord has prospered our work, till we had in 1898 the large staff of 26 earnest, educated missionaries, 5 of them medical men and 5 lay helpers, besides about 300 native teachers, all educated by our own missionaries for their

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* The *Dayspring* was lost in 1897, and the need of a new vessel is sorely felt by the missionaries, who must now depend entirely upon godless traders and vicious sailors who trade on Sabbaths, and whose contact with the natives often does incalculable harm. They supply natives freely with rum, and directly oppose the missionaries. The Presbyterian Assembly of Australia has recently voted to postpone decision as to securing another ship for another year. It is earnestly hoped that then the much-needed vessel will be furnished.—Ed.

work. In the mission we have a teachers' training institution, with 46 students, under the care of Dr. Annand and his lay teachers, and we have a hospital under the care of Dr. Lamb and his lay helpers. By our missionaries the whole Bible has been translated into one language, and the New Testament into several. The portions of Scripture so translated have been printed, and are now read by the natives in over twenty languages of the group. This is a great work, which makes our mission laborious and expensive compared with others having only one language to conquer. Our islanders had no written language when we began the Lord's work among them. A number of the translations have been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, but our natives try to pay it for all it does for them.

As results of the work, our dear Lord Jesus has given our missionaries about 16,000 converts, and the blessed work is extending among some 40,000 or 50,000 remaining cannibals on the group. In our synod year of 1895–96, 1,120 savages renounced idolatry and em-

braced the worship and service of Christ. One missionary baptized 200 out of his communicants' class of 400, after a long and careful preparatory Scripture training. We never baptize and teach afterward, but educate and wait till they give real evidence of consecration to Jesus Christ, and then, at their desire, baptize, and continue teaching them to observe in their life and conduct all things Jesus has commanded. Hence, we have only about 2,500 communicants, tho 10,000 attend our day-schools and Sabbath-schools. All our converts attend church regularly. In 1896 they contributed about £900, and the next year over £1,300 by money and arrowroot, and a number of the islands now support their own native teachers. Yet they have no money but what they get by selling pigs, fowls, cocoanuts, and copra to passing ships. God has given four of our present missionaries each from 1,700 to 2,000 converts; and at all our more recently occupied stations the work is very encouraging, and enjoys the Divine blessing. Our chief concern at present is how we are to get money

to keep our large staff going on, but we trust in Jesus to provide all as it is needed.

Never since Jesus Christ gave the great commission, have so many of His servants been proclaiming the blessed Gospel, and never before in heathen lands has it shown more vitality and power in its grand results. Yet what large portions of the world are yet in heathen darkness! Oh, for a new Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit to all branches of the Church, to lead her to try to "preach the Gospel to every creature," and by the Gospel conquer the world for Jesus Christ. A small book, showing the extension and glorious fruits of Christian Protestant missions during the last half century, would do much to silence the infidel and the enemies of Protestant missions to the heathen, enlighten the indifferent, and draw forth the united praise and prayers, and increased money support, and personal, zealous cooperation of Christians in all lands, so to conquer the world for Jesus Christ by his own appointed means. It would show that the Gospel is not only the power of God

unto salvation to every one who believes, high and low, of every color and of every country, but that, wherever found, it is the only real and lasting civilizer of man. Had Britain felt her responsibility, and improved her privileges by spending a twentieth part of what her present wars will cost her to subdue her rebellious subjects, in giving them the Gospel teaching of Jesus while under her care, it might have prevented those wars, and saved not only loss of life and treasure, but also the feelings of revenge that remain and fester in the hearts of surviving relatives and the tribes of the subdued. Armies may conquer and sweep the oppressed into eternity, but Christ's teaching enlightens the mind, influences the heart by creating it anew, and leads all so brought under its power to feel their responsibily to our God, the Supreme Judge of all. Thus it lifts them above heathen superstitions, prejudices, cruelties, and discontent, filling the heart with gratitude to God for His love and mercy in Jesus Christ, and so leading them to love their benefactors, and to do to

others as they would have others do to them. Though our New Hebridean savage cannibals, as they all were when our work began among them, have lost many thousands of lives, and suffered much oppressive cruelty by the sandal-wood traders and by the shocking Kanaka labor traffic* which followed, yet because of British missionaries so many of them have been brought to serve Jesus, that now the remaining population all plead for British annexation and protection. And lately, on a recently occupied island, where all under the missionaries' charge were painted savages, after several acts of kindness by the missionary, the war chief was led to hear the teaching of Jesus, and to believe in, and serve Him. He was the first man among some 3,000 or 4,000 to appear at the church and to wear clothing in

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* The "Kanaka Interisland Labor" is little better than a system of slavery, and is cruel in the extreme. Natives are brought from various islands to work under contract for traders and planters on unsupervised islands. Some of these natives have been flogged to death by their employers. This system calls loudly for reform.—ED.

public. For some reason his savage warriors wanted him to go to war, but he refused. His enemies sent a man to conceal himself by the path and shoot dead one of the chief's men, being one of their usual challenges to war, and many afterward urged him to fight in revenge, but he said, "I will not fight and shed blood, but leave all revenge to my Jesus now," and he preached the Gospel of peace and love to them, and prayed for them all. His life was threatened, but he also left that to Jesus. He now teaches a school among his savages, and, following his example, many have begun to wear clothing and attend school and church. The chief and twelve others are now candidates in a class for baptism and church membership, and a real work of grace seems to have begun all around among the savages. Surely the Divine blessing on the same teaching would produce like blessed results among the heathen subjects of all nations, and make them happy, industrious, loyal, loving subjects—a thing which can not be done by conquering armies.

Rev. Dr. William Gunn, of Futuna, New Hebrides, bears similar testimony. He writes:

The New Hebrides are inhabited by the Melanesian, or black race, with woolly hair. Several small islands, as Futuna, Aniwa, and Emae, are peopled by a mixed race of Polynesians and Melanesians. The estimated population is 70,000. Tanna, Epi, Ambrim, and Oba, with 8,000 each, are the most populous islands. Many of the natives are good-looking, with high facial angle. The retreating forehead, broad, flat nose, and projecting jaws of the negroes are rarely seen. Their average height is 5 feet 5 inches. Physically they are inferior in strength and endurance to the white race, and rapidly succumb to disease. The men strut about almost nude. In the south the women are fairly well clothed, but as we proceed north, female clothing decreases, while native mechanical skill and ingenuity increases. The custom of dividing the hair into many locks in the southern islands is now obsolete among the Christians. Men and women are fond of

MEMBERS OF THE NEW HEBRIDES MISSION SYNOD, 1898.
Rev. John G. Paton, D. D., in the Center.

ornaments and wear bead or shell necklaces and armlets, and wooden or tortoise-shell earrings. Those fond of music play the native flute and Paris pipes, and they continue their heathen dances and singing all night. Their houses were from five to seven feet high, and without walls, but with Christianity have been greatly improved. The furniture consisted of sleeping-mats, baskets, clubs, bows and arrows, stone or shell axes, fishing materials, and now a musket or two. Native arts are decaying. Remains of pottery have been found on Tanna and Efaté, but this art is now confined to Santo. Rock carvings in Aneityum, Efaté, and Epi are now mysterious remains of the past. They had a fair knowledge of surgery and a little of medicine. The doctors were specialists, who set fractures, compressed severed arteries, and trepanned the broken skull. The chief diseases are malarial fever, scrofula, skin and chest diseases, and isolated cases of elephantiasis. Dysentery is sporadic. Consumption is increasing. Venereal diseases have been introduced by

whites and returned laborers, and have caused great havoc.

The natives are observant, well acquainted with nature, and quick to discern character. Most of them readily acquire neighboring languages or dialects. Some have learned to read and write in six months, but the majority take much longer. In arithmetic they are slow, and few, if any, have gone beyond the simple rules. Morality, in heathen days, was very low. In some islands, indeed, it is doubtful if adultery was considered wrong in itself, and it is expressed in their language as *stealing* a man or woman. The rights of property were usually regarded, save in war or private quarrels.

The languages of the New Hebrides, though numerous and apparently radically different, form part of the Melanesian branch, which, united with the Polynesian or eastern islands' dialects, belong to one family, now called the Malay-Polynesian. Nearly fifty dialects are known in the New Hebrides, some very slightly, while others are not yet discovered.

The pronouns have four numbers—in some islands three—and a double first plural, inclusive and exclusive, according as the speaker includes or excludes the persons addressed. In Aneityum and Tanna the natives reckon by *fives*, and can not go beyond twenty. In the north numeration is *decimal* and more perfect.

Polygamy and cannibalism were common. Infanticide, though practised, was not general. Caste of various and numerous grades, according to the number of pigs killed at feasts, obtained in the north. Heavy fines were paid for the infringement of rules in each grade. Women and children belonged to no caste, and wives lived apart from their husbands. Parental control was unknown. Women were the beasts of burden, and cultivated the plantations while the men fought or feasted. Sorcery, woman-stealing, and land disputes were the principal causes of war. In Malekula the front teeth of the women were removed at the age of eight or ten, just before marriage. In Ambrim the women crawled on their knees

before their lords. In Aneityum, Tanna, and Santo they were strangled at the death of their husbands.

The natives were polytheists. They believed in many gods, great and small, mutually independent of each other. The greatest, variously named Inhujeraing, Moshishiki, Mauitikiteki, etc., created the earth and, perhaps, man. In the south they said he fished up the islands. All the gods were malicious, and, accordingly, the natives appeased them with offerings of food and drink (kava), praying for abundance of food, freedom from disease, and long life. These gods, and the spirits of their ancestors, were the chief objects of worship. The dead were mourned for from one hundred to one thousand days. For years food was placed daily over their graves. In several northern islands grotesque images were erected in the public square as memorials of the dead. But offerings were also presented to the sun and moon, and their preserving care was sought. Certain sacred men, or sorcerers, professed to cause disease, and wind, rain, sunshine,

A HEATHEN CHIEF OF FUTUNA.

Showing the hair divided in many locks, tortoise-shell earrings, bead and shell necklace.

EPETENETO.

The first native Christian Preacher in the New Hebrides.

and hurricanes. These sacred men, as a rule, were chiefs; but the authority of chiefs in the New Hebrides is very small, and confined to their own tribes. Many, irrespective of rank, possessed charms to protect them in war, ward off disease, and cause the fruits of the earth to grow. The future world was dark and dismal. No distinct division separated good and bad. The shades in semiconsciousness shivered in the cold and ate refuse. Warmth was sometimes purchased by tattooing their bodies, or was carried below from fires kindled by relatives after burial. There, after passing through successive descending stages of existence, the shades were annihilated. But rays of light struggled through the darkness. Traditions, varying in detail, existed of the creation, the fall, the flood, Jonah, and others. In Futuna the maxim, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," was repeated; and the curse of Cain was pronounced on the murderer.

Such were the people, and such was their state in the past, and, in heathen islands, so it

is still. Degraded by horrid customs, steeped in the grossest superstition, with minds and understandings darkened by sin and Satan, in fear of man by day and of spirits by night, the natives of the New Hebrides were the most needful of the Gospel, and by their isolation and Babel of tongues presented the greatest difficulties toward receiving it. Burning with desire to supply this need, John Williams endeavored to carry the Gospel to them, but at Erromanga, in 1839, perished in the attempt. A brief sketch of mission work will bring the history of the islands to the present day. After his death teachers were landed on the southern islands and reenforced from time to time. Some died, some were martyred, some returned home, some remained at their posts and prepared the way for missionaries. Messrs. Turner and Nesbit landed in Tanna in 1842, but soon were compelled to leave. The mission work, begun by the early missionaries and teachers under the London Missionary Society, was now gradually passed over to the Presbyterian churches. Dr. Ged-

die, from the Nova Scotian church, took up work on Aneityum, in 1848; and Dr. Inglis, from the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, followed in 1852. A church was formed, and, in 1853, missionary teachers, the first in the New Hebrides, were sent to reopen Futuna to the Gospel. A missionary settled on Erromanga in 1857, and three on Tanna in 1858. But disaster now befell the mission. Measles, introduced by traders, swept away a third of the population of Aneityum, Tanna, and Erromanga. The heathen blamed the missionaries, and, in 1861, Mr. Gordon and his wife were murdered on Erromanga. The Tannese expelled their missionaries. But Aneityum was now all Christian, and the terrible scourge roused the half-hearted to more earnestness. A missionary settled on Efaté in 1854, who was soon joined by a second. A brother took up the work of the martyred Gordon, and the *Dayspring*, obtained chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Paton, arrived, for the exclusive use of the mission. Later the vacated stations in Tanna were filled, and

Nguna added to the missionary islands. But in 1872 the heathen in Erromanga attempted unsuccessfully to oust the Gospel by killing the second Gordon. His place was immediately filled by Mr. Robertson.

The Christian party grew stronger, frustrated an attempt of the heathen, in 1880, to murder the missionary, and were joined by one hundred friendly heathen in a body. This was the turning point in Erromanga, and the island, as a whole, is now Christian. In 1883 all the principal islands, from Aneityum to Ambrim, were occupied by missionaries, and a third station opened in Tanna. The Aneityumese Bible complete, the united labor of Drs. Geddie and Inglis and Mr. Copeland, was distributed in Aneityum in 1887. Nearly ten years later the New Testament in Efatese, and in a dialect of Tanna, was given to their respective islanders. Churches, with substantial iron roofs, were erected in Aneityum, Futuna, Aniwa, Tanna, Malekula, and Malo, from 1891–93, the natives of the three former islands defraying the cost themselves. The

success of the mission in Nguna, with its large cathedral-like church, has been phenomenal. In 1892 four hundred and seventy were admitted to church membership. The story of Tongoa is little less wonderful.

Thirteen islands are now Christian, of which the largest are Efaté, Erromanga, Aneityum, Nguna, Emae, Tongoa, and Aniwa. Epi is rapidly receiving the Gospel. In Futuna one district only is heathen. In Tanna—the hardest field in the group—the report is more encouraging than for years. Ambrim, twice vacated through illness and death, was reopened in 1892 by Dr. Lamb; but first hurricane and then fire destroyed the mission house, and the volcano threatened the mission with extinction; but a strongly-built hospital has now for months been open to white men and natives. Native teachers are under training, and conduct services in different districts. Churches have been formed in Malekula, Santo, and Malo. But the great mass of the people in these northern islands is heathen. More than 50,000 are still in heathen darkness.

The Melanesian Mission, under Bishop Selwyn, formerly under Bishop Patteson, who was martyred in the Swallow Islands, gathered young men from the different islands and trained them, first in Auckland, afterward in Norfolk Island, for mission work in the islands. This mission—always friendly to the Presbyterian—has withdrawn to the Banks, Santa Cruz, and Solomon Islands. In the New Hebrides their work is confined to Pentecost, Aurora, and Oba, where teachers are settled, and where missionaries stay occasionally.

The Presbyterian mission staff numbers twenty-five missionaries, of whom five are medical. There are in addition three lay assistants and a hospital nurse. The first native pastor, Epeteneto, a native of Aneityum, has been ordained. Assisting the missionaries are two hundred and fifty-six native teachers. More than forty of these are missionary teachers at work in semiheathen islands. All the Christian islands have sent out missionary teachers. These have endured many hardships, and many have laid down

their lives for the cause of Christ in strange islands. The crying need of the mission is native teachers. Without them evangelization of the islands is impossible. In order to meet the increasing demand, a training institution was opened in Tongoa in 1894. Under the principal, Dr. Arnaud, the institution has met with encouraging success. Sixty-four students from various islands are under instruction, which is given in English, owing to the diversity of dialects. Within the last two or three years several Christian traders have given valuable help in mission work. The Scriptures, in whole or in part, have been translated into eighteen languages. For these the natives willingly pay. As converts they grasp the plan of salvation clearly, and the more intelligent among them, from whom the teachers are drawn, can explain it to their fellows. They attend to the forms of religion diligently, and sincerely follow the precepts of the Gospel. A native of Futuna, a few days after the murder of his nephew, said he was willing to forgive the murderer for the sake of

the Gospel—and this is no isolated case. They love their books, and in flood or fire save them first; and the Aneityumese, with the whole Bible, have a wide but not deep knowledge of its contents. They seldom speak of spiritual experience, and we can not point to sudden conversions. The great stumbling-block is immorality, and while many live consistent lives, others have sadly fallen.

In the Christian islands of Efaté, Nguna, and Tongoa the teachers, formerly paid by friends outside, have, within the last few years, been supported by native contributions.*

The mission is supported by the Presbyterian Church of Canada, Free Church of Scot-

* In the report of the synod for 1897, the following statistics are given, excluding Efaté:

Attending Sabbath services	13,084
" day schools	5,463
Adult baptisms	207
Christian marriages	142
Admitted to church membership	231
Teachers settled during the year	33
Contributions in cash	£424
Contributions in arrowroot, 17,683 lbs., equivalent in money to	£884.3s.
The total membership is about	2,700

land, Presbyterian churches of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, New Zealand (north), and Otago, New Zealand (south), and Tasmania. Recently the John G. Paton Fund has largely supported the mission. The missionaries meet annually in conference, or synod, to discuss and arrange all matters for the proper conduct of the mission.*

Commerce preceded missions in the New Hebrides. The discovery of sandalwood opened up a trade which has been the instrument of evils operating to this day. With it originated the inter-island labor trade, followed by the Queensland and Fiji labor trade. This has drawn the best blood away from the islands, leaving only the old men and women and children. Whaling and cotton planting succeeded the sandalwood trade. Recently the chief exports have been coffee, copra, arrowroot, and bananas. Arrowroot is contributed by the natives for mission objects.

* In 1890 the services of the *Dayspring* were superseded by a trading steamer, but it remains to be seen whether the churches interested will continue this arrangement, or set it aside for another *Dayspring*.

The bananas exported have increased in three years from 3,000 to 12,000 bunches a month. These exports promise to be more permanent and remunerative than those of early days. If the islands were annexed by Britain, trade would advance in the future much more rapidly. The natives and mission synod have petitioned for British annexation. This would stop the labor trade and intertribal wars, and promote commerce. The total white population, including the mission families, is from two to three hundred. The principal nationalities among the traders are French and British. At present the islands are under no protectorate, but they have been placed under the "dual control" of British and French, each power protecting her own subjects. Owing to restrictions imposed upon British traders the best land in the group is now in the hands of the French, and this may lead them to annex the islands. That such an event would be disastrous to the mission, the history of Tahiti and the Loyalty Islands too plainly proves; and that commerce would suffer

thereby, may be inferred from the fact that the bulk of the island trade is at present in the hands of the British. Further, it is reported by eye-witnesses that there is as real slavery in the French plantations as in any part of the world.

But the future progress of the mission and of trade depends greatly upon the state of the population, and it is steadily decreasing. Tradition, the sites of extinct villages, and statistics prove this. The population of Aneityum was 3,500 in 1859; now it is only 530. Futuna has fallen in thirty years from 1,000 to 320. This decrease began before the advent of white men; but contact between the two races has accelerated it by introducing epidemic and hereditary diseases and the labor traffic. Can this decrease be checked? The history of the Pacific islands and of some of the New Hebrides shows that in some islands it *can not*, while possibly in others it *may*. Christianity is the most powerful factor in preserving these natives, and were it not for that Aneityum would already have been

quite depopulated. It stopped decrease in Raratonga and Samoa, and it will prolong the days of the New Hebrides. Philantrophy and commerce alike call for the preservation of the race. Chinese, or other higher races, can not, with profit to themselves, settle in sufficient numbers to carry on a remunerative export trade. But this decrease of population affords a powerful argument for *haste* in evangelizing the people that remain. Prophecy promises success by foretelling their conversion. "Men shall worship Him, everyone from his place, *even all the isles of the heathen.*"

No. XII.

The Awakening of the American Negro.*

BY DELAVAN L. PIERSON.

THE liberation of the slaves was but the first step in the emancipation of the American Negro, even as the exodus of Israel from Egypt was but the beginning of their march toward the promised land. In order to make the liberation of the colored race a true and lasting benefit to themselves and to the country in which they live, industrial, intellectual, moral, religious, and political freedom and education must follow.

Great strides have recently been made in

*The facts in this chapter are gathered largely from addresses and articles by Booker T. Washington.

this direction, especially through the efforts of one of their own number, Booker T. Washington,* who has been called "the Moses of the negro race." He is now well known throughout the country as the leader and educator of his people, and has not only accomplished wonders toward solving the negro problem, by means of his system of education at *The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Training Institute*, but has awakened much interest and gained much commendation in all parts of the country by his numerous and telling addresses. His thorough knowledge of, and insight into, the problem which confronts him, his wisdom in carrying out his ideas, and his intense earnestness, have enlisted for him and his work the sympathies and support of thousands of men and women all over the country. The success of his method has also attested the practicability of his theories.

Booker Washington was born a slave on a

*It is said that when Booker Washington was asked how he got his last name, he replied: "Well, I found myself in need of a good name, and so chose the best there was."

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Training Institute.

plantation at Hale's Ford, Virginia, in 1857. He lived with his mother in a little one-room log cabin with a dirt floor, in which was a hole for storing sweet potatoes. At the close of the war, which made the negroes men instead of property, he went to Malden, West Virginia, to work in the salt furnaces. While there, he heard of General Armstrong's school in Hampton, Virginia, as a place where a poor boy could earn an education. He made up his mind to go there if possible, and with this end in view began to save every cent he could earn. Finally one morning he started to walk to the coveted school, scarcely knowing where it was located. After traveling many miles on foot, by coach and by rail, he at last found himself in Richmond, without friends, money, or a place to sleep. He spent the night on the street, and in the morning started out to search for means to continue his journey. Seeing a ship unloading pig-iron, he obtained work from the captain until he had enough money to pay his way to Hampton, where he arrived with fifty cents in his pocket. After General Arm-

strong had heard his story, and learned the object of his coming, he promised to give him a chance to pay his expenses through. While at Hampton, he learned much that has been of immense assistance in his present work, and resolved that, if God permitted, he would go into the "black belt" of the Gulf States, and give his life to help young men of his own race to get an education.

Having been graduated from Hampton with honors, after teaching in West Virginia and, studying in Wayland Seminary, he returned to Hampton as a teacher. In 1881 the Alabama legislature passed a bill appropriating $2,000 yearly to carry on a school at Tuskegee for the education of negro youths. General Armstrong was asked to suggest a suitable man to establish and conduct the work, and he recommended Booker T. Washington. The district in which the new school was to be located is one in which the black people outnumber the white three to one. Here, on the 4th of July, 1881, he opened the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Training Institute in a

small church and shanty, with thirty students and one teacher. Since that time the institution has grown, until it has now eighty instructors and about one thousand students, of both the sexes, from nineteen States, all over fourteen years of age, the average being eighteen and one-half.

This institution at Tuskegee is Christian, but not denominational. The instructors emphasize religion as practical, not merely theoretical or emotional, and of all the lessons that need to be emphasized in the South, none is more needed than this, of *practical* Christianity. Prof. Washington cites, as an example of the prevailing idea of religion among many of the colored race, the story of a colored man who went to his weekly class-meeting, and said to his class leader, "I's had a ha'd time since our las' meetin'; I's been sometimes up and sometimes down. 'spect I's broken eb'ry one ob de ten comman'ments since our las' meetin', but I tanks God, I's *not los' my 'ligion yet.*" The coming generation of young men and young women need to be

taught that they should not only profess Christianity, but must put it in practise in their daily lives.

From the first, industrial training has been given, together with intellectual and religious instruction. This industrial training has several advantages. Young men and young women are thereby enabled to work out about half of their board, paying the rest in cash. Their labor has an economic value to the institution, and at the same time trains the student to make an honest living. Over twenty-four hundred acres of land are owned, six hundred and fifty of which are cultivated. Besides the regular literary, scientific, and religious training which the students at Tuskegee receive, the institution offers courses in various branches of agriculture, horticulture, dairy products, brick masonry, wheelwrighting, blacksmithing, tinning, carpentering, painting, shoemaking, tailoring, dressmaking, and various branches of domestic science—in all, twenty-five branches of industrial training—besides preparing students for work as teachers,

preachers, physicians, nurses, lawyers, clerks, merchants, machinists, etc. This system enables them to make practical application of the theories which they learn in the class-room. The principles of physics are immediately applied in the machine-shop, those of chemistry in farming and cooking, those of mathematics in carpentry, etc. There are no idlers in Tuskegee. They erect their own buildings, even manufacturing every brick; they also do the carpenter and other work. Thus buildings are secured for permanent use, at a minimum of expense, and the students have the industrial training, which also helps to rid young men and young women of any old idea they may have had that labor is disgraceful, or that it is beneath one to use his hands if he has had some education. The Tuskegee property is now valued at two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, on which there is no mortgage. There are thirty-seven buildings, all except three of which have been erected by the students. The central aim of all departments of the institute is so to fortify

the head, hand, and heart of the negroes who attend that they may go out and mingle with their race on the cotton, rice, and sugar plantations, and be the means of elevating them economically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually. The expense of carrying on this work is only about seventy-five thousand dollars a year, over one half of which is met by the labor of the students.

One great difficulty met in endeavoring to better the condition of the Southern negro is the "mortgage system," which makes them virtually the property of the well-to-do planters, taking away all their independence, ambition, and self-respect. They live in little cabins, and try to pay sometimes forty per cent. interest on their property and on their crops, which are often mortgaged even before they are raised. The result in poverty and lack of hope for better things can be imagined.

Intellectually their advantages are in many places not much better. Not being allowed to attend school with white children, they go to

little log cabins or tumble-down churches. In the country districts of Alabama these schools are open only three months of the year. Owing to poor pay and other reasons, many of the teachers secured, have been not competent instructors, and the results are intellectual poverty and stagnation equal to the industrial.

The moral and religious condition of these people is, if anything, generally lower; witness the number of lynchings in the South for beastly crimes; the character of their dances; their preaching services, and many of their religious—but not Christian—leaders. Without ambition in material things they, to a large extent, live without self-restraint in moral things, their careless natures, joined to their state of poverty and ignorance, tending to divorce morality from their religion.

Tuskegee Institute is seeking to find and apply a remedy for this state of things, and this work is not considered to be hopeless or even discouraging. The negroes acknowledge their ignorance and low condition, but they think that there is no help for it. What they

need is intelligent and unselfish leadership in their religious, intellectual, and industrial life, and this is what the Tuskegee Institute is endeavoring to give them. The trouble is that these people do not know how to utilize the results of their labor. What they earn gets away from them in paying mortgages and in buying lace, snuff, and tinsel jewelry. They have not yet learned the distinction between cheap and showy imitation of wealth and education, and the culture and refinement which come only by slow and labored progress. A one-roomed cabin will sometimes have a clock, bought on the instalment plan for twelve dollars, when in nine cases out of ten, not one in the family can tell when the hands point to six o'clock and when to twelve; or a family will mortgage a year's crop to pay for a showy wedding or funeral.

Tuskegee has already succeeded in transforming many districts. At the time of their emancipation, practically all of the negroes lived in one-room log cabins; ten years ago nine-tenths of them lived in the same way;

whereas to-day one-third of them have at least doubled their accommodations, and many of them own their farms and homes. The students who come to Tuskegee from wretched, single-room hovels, go back to transform them into homes, where peace and purity can thrive. Already the graduates of the institute are in great demand all over the South, and other schools are applying the Tuskegee principles and methods of education.

As examples of the practical workings of the system, Mr. Washington cites the following instances:

"Ten years ago a young man born in slavery found his way to the Tuskegee School. By small cash payments and work on the farm he finished the course with a good English education and a practical and theoretical knowledge of farming. Returning to his country home, where five-sixths of the citizens were black, he found them still mortgaging their crops, living on rented land from hand to mouth, and deeply in debt. School had never lasted longer than three months,

and was taught in a wreck of a log cabin by an inferior teacher. Finding this condition of things, the young man took the three months' public school as a starting-point. Soon he organized the older people into a club that came together every week. In these meetings the young man taught them the value of owning a home, the evils of mortgaging, and the importance of educating their children. He taught them how to save money, how to sacrifice—to live on bread and potatoes until they got out of debt, begin buying a home, and stop mortgaging. Through the lessons and influence of these meetings, during the first year of this young man's work, these people built, by their contributions in money and labor, a good frame schoolhouse that replaced the wreck of a log cabin. The next year this work was continued, and those people, from their own gifts, furnished funds for adding two months to the original school term. Month by month has been added to the school term, till it now lasts seven months every year. Already fourteen families, within a radius of ten miles,

have bought and are buying homes, a large proportion have ceased mortgaging their crops, and are raising their own food supplies. In the midst of all is the young man educated at Tuskegee with a model cottage and a model farm that served as an example and center of light for the whole community.

"A few years ago a young woman was educated and converted at Tuskegee. After her graduation she went to one of the plantations where they only had school for three months in the year in a broken-down log cabin. She took charge of the school, and went among the mothers and fathers of the pupils, and found out what their resources were. She taught them how to save money. The first year, many men decided not to mortgage their crops, but to provide suitable homes, and a good schoolhouse. They added to the school term until they have a season of eight months. The community is transformed, and the very faces of the people show the revolution that has been wrought in their lives by that one Christian leader. Every improvement has come

through this young woman in their midst showing them how to direct their efforts, how to take the money that had hitherto gone for mortgaging, snuff, and tobacco, and to use it for their own uplifting."

What effect does this work at Tuskegee have upon the relations between the white and the black men? The Institute aims not only to uplift the ignorant and downtrodden negroes, but to bring the white people of the South to the point where they will not think that they need to degrade themselves by dishonesty at the polls in order to overcome the majority which the colored people have over them. Whatever friction exists between the races will pass away just in proportion as the black man can produce something that the white man wants or respects commercially. When the Tuskegee Institute was first opened, it was ignored or despised by the white people. A wheelwright shop was started, and then men who wanted carriages came to it. A job-printing establishment was opened, and soon the organ of the Democratic party was printed

MOLDERS OF THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.
The Faculty of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

every week by the colored students. By having something that was of commercial value, the whites and blacks became acquainted; their business interests became linked together, and they are now warm friends. If a negro's business interests increase until he gets a mortgage on a white man's house, that white man will not drive the negro from the polls.

Mr. Washington thus concludes one of his addresses on this subject:

"If ever there was a people that obeyed Christ's injunction, 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,' that people has been the American negro. To right his wrongs the Russian has appealed to dynamite, the Indian to his tomahawk, the Irishman to agitation, the American to rebellion, but the negro, patient, unresentful, and law-abiding, has always depended upon his songs, his midnight prayers, his groans, on an inherent faith in his cause. If we may judge the future by the past, who will say that the negro is not right? We went into slavery pagans, we came out Christians;

we went into slavery a piece of property, we came out American citizens; we went into slavery without a language, we came out speaking the proud Anglo-Saxon tongue; we went into slavery with the slave chains clanking about our wrists, we came out with the American ballot in our hands.

"You seldom see a black hand on any street in America held out for charity. It is not charity that the black people of this country ask. We do not ask any one to do a thing for a student at Tuskegee which the student is able to do for himself. They pay their own board, partly in cash, and partly in labor. They have put up their own buildings to a greater extent than in any other institution in the country. The only thing which they can not pay is the fifty dollars each for tuition. We do not ask to have money scattered promiscuously among our people in the South, but simply to be used in educating one or more of those Christian leaders, who, when they have received their education, will go out into other villages and try to accomplish the

work of making the colored people a righteous and thrifty race." *

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

It may be well to let Mr. Washington himself testify as to the future of the American negro. He says:

It is a deep-seated belief of a large and influential section of the American people that the destiny of the negro element of the citizenship—which is of African and American origin, and which has been for two centuries and a half losing its generic type and character—must necessarily be different from that of other elements of the population. This belief disclosed itself in the very earliest stages of Colonial life, after the unfortunate introduction of African slavery, in 1620, and in one form and another it has made itself felt and heard in all departments of the literary life of the

* The Institute needs an adequate endowment fund, scholarships, additional buildings, tools, and other outfits. Fifty dollars furnishes the means for educating a student for one year, and $1,000 establishes a scholarship. Already the graduates contribute generously to the current expenses, and thereby show their appreciation of the benefits which they have derived from their Alma Mater.

nation. Indeed, a considerable body of such literature as we have evolved is based entirely upon this phase of the subject.

The American Colonization Society, established in the early days of the Republic, and with which have been associated some of the best and ablest public men of the country—such men as Benjamin Franklin, Henry Clay, and others of equal reputation—was the direct outgrowth of this sentiment. The Republic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, grew out of the idea as propagated by the American Colonization Society. But in spite of the fact that this society and the republic founded and fostered by it, have steadily declined in prestige, the idea that the black and white races can not occupy the same territory as equals without perpetual antagonisms remains strong. Thomas Jefferson, the greatest Democrat, and Abraham Lincoln, the greatest Republican, living at widely separated periods of our history, were yet in harmonious agreement upon this vital point.

Mr. Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, the most

eloquent apostle of the white new South, was firmly of the opinion that the Anglo-Saxon race would always dominate the Afro-American race, while Mr. E. S. Simmons, a member of the North Carolina bar, has just issued a book, in which he insists that race separation is the only safe and possible solution of the race problem; and, failing to effect this separation, he thinks "the pages of the future historian will be marred with strife between the races, riotous outbreaks, civil war, Southern soil again drenched in blood, not in a conflict of arms with other sections, but among and between the inhabitants of our own fair southland." "Separate the two races," Mr. Simmons insists. "Cause the negro to move to the land set apart for him, to plant his own vine and fig tree, and the whites living upon the same soil to move out, and make room for his uninterrupted course of self-government." Mr. Simmons thinks that the white people of this country should make liberal provision for the segregated negro people in the territory set apart for them, a territory of some sort,

somewhere, in which the white man shall have no place.

But the idea that the races can not live together as equals on the same soil is by no means confined to the Anglo-Saxon people. In this country the idea is entertained by Bishop Henry M. Turner, who has a large following, and in Africa the idea is almost as general. There Dr. Edward W. Blyden, of Liberia, perhaps the best-informed man of his race anywhere, leads the thought and advocates segregation as the only possible and safe solution of the race problem. But how this segregation is to be effected, even in Africa, where the European whites have appropriated by far the larger part of the territory of the blacks, bringing the latter into subjection and contact with white colonists, just as they have done in the United States and the West Indies for two centuries, does not appear to worry in the least either the black or the white advocates of the idea. Although the whites have from the very beginning, even unto the present, forced themselves into con-

tact and association with the blacks, and are doing so to-day more than ever before, the black and white advocates of the policy of separation lose nothing of their cheerfulness and persistency in keeping their idea where it can be seen and heard. They, at least, deserve credit for sticking to the theory when nothing but the theory remains to them.

But there is another class of people who have a theory that God permitted the Africans to be brought to America and undergo a long period of bondage, in order that they might fit themselves by Christian civilization to eventually return to their native land, and help to redeem the millions of their race from paganism and savagery. This view of the matter was long a conviction of the leading denominations of the United States, and is largely entertained now. It deserves more respect than any other view of the matter which has ever appealed to me, as a pure matter of speculation, a theory. There can be no question about it in the mind of any Christian that as a missionary field Africa is one of the most in-

viting to be found anywhere, and that it should appeal more strongly to the American negro than to any other race of our population. It seems reasonable to suppose that a large percentage of the young negro men and women who have been graduating from our schools and colleges for a quarter of a century, 25,000 of whom are now engaged in the work of teaching in the public schools of the South, would have turned to Africa as the most inviting field of labor, if the theory that the race was brought here by Divine Providence for the purpose of preparing itself to redeem their brethren from moral and spiritual death in Africa is to hold good. This should be the proper and sufficient test of the theory from any point of view. It would be personally gratifying to me if a very large number of these graduates had in the past quarter of a century gone into the African missionary work, or if a more general spirit to do so had been shown, as the evangelization of Africa, or of any other people outside the Christian fold, must appeal strongly to all of us who hope for

the winning of all mankind to the true faith. But no great number of them has done so, and no general disposition to do so has been shown. So far, the work of evangelizing Africa has been left almost entirely to the white churches of America and Europe. White men and women have thus far responded to the call for missionaries. Responses on the part of the blacks of the United States and the West Indies have been of the most discouraging character, and the financial support which negro churches have given to further the work has been of like character. The advocates of the Divine theory of preparation have been much puzzled and confused by this phase of the case, but mainly because they have been unable to see or to reconcile themselves to the fact that there are other phases of it worthy of consideration, or strong enough to outweigh theirs. In this view they have been as persistent and insistent as the advocates of the theory that the two races can not live together in the same territory on terms of friendship and equality.

No well-defined plan of colonization in Africa, or anywhere else, by whomsoever proposed, has met with any general favor among educated negroes in the United States or the West Indies. The masses in this country have been worked up to some sort of enthusiasm from time to time, but the enthusiasm has always been short-lived. Reports from those who have gone to Africa on the wave of the enthusiasm of the time, some of whom have returned to this country, have always been such as to discourage others from "seeing for themselves and not for another." Indeed, it has been a growing conviction among the masses of our race in this country that their condition and opportunities are vastly better in the United States than in Africa, or anywhere else. I believe this to be the case, and I further believe that the conviction will grow stronger with the years, as European subjugation of Africa shall proceed and develop upon the lines that it has long proceeded and developed in the Pacific Islands, in Australia, and in the East Indies. And this is true because the Afro-

American race has been so long removed from the African fatherland, and become so imbued with American civilization, that it has at most but a sentimental interest in Africa and the African people. In their language and religion and customs they are American, as much so as the Europeans who have come here from the earliest days to the present time. As a matter of fact, the African has become as thoroughly engrafted upon American life as the European, and loves his country with equal devotion, and clings to it with equal tenacity, and resents as promptly any insinuation that he is an alien, an intruder, and that he should return to Africa or anywhere else.

The Europeans came to America of their own determination, at great personal and financial sacrifice ; but the African came here *by special invitation*, in ships provided for him, and in the early stages of his residence here, down to 1860, he was forcibly restrained in any desire he may have had to return to his fatherland. Indeed, he was considered so valuable a personage that it was long a difficult matter

to restrain white men from adding indefinitely to his numbers by force and fraud. Up to 1860 no considerable number of people advocated that the African was an alien, an intruder here, and should be made go back to his home beyond the seas. He represented nearly $4,000,000,000 of wealth as slave property; he was the basic industrial force in eleven of the richest agricultural States in the Republic. He was regarded as the best and safest labor force in the world, and perhaps he was. It required an agitation covering a period of sixty years and a bloody civil war to kill him as a slave and to recreate him as a freeman; and it was only after this was done, after he was made "a man and a brother," that it was discovered that he was an alien, an intruder, and that he should go back to Africa. It was all right for him to remain here as a slave, but it was all wrong for him to remain here as a free man! It was all right for him to remain here as a degraded creature, without morality, without family ties, barred out of the Christian Church, but it is all wrong for him

to remain here as a Christian, with home ties and growing stronger and stronger every year in moral force! All this reasoning has had the changes rung upon it in all departments of discussion since slavery was buried beneath a monument of black and white bayonets on a hundred battle-fields. It is very strange reasoning, all must agree.

But there is still a third class of persons, by far the largest and most influential, who have not worried at all over the speculative theories of the possible inability of the races to dwell together harmoniously and upon terms of equality, and upon the possible purpose of God in permitting the race to be brought here and enslaved in order that it might the better fit itself to return to Africa and take upon itself the work of evangelizing its people. These good people had no pet theory about the matter. They belonged the great Christian army, who believe, as William Lloyd Garrison expressed it, that slavery was "a league with death and a covenant with hell," and who buckled on the armor of righteousness and

created the sentiment that led to the abolition of slavery and the enfranchisement of the freeman. When they had accomplished this much, instead of resting from their labors, they recognized that the late slave population must be fitted for good citizenship, and that this could be done only at the expense of a great deal of personal sacrifice and financial outlay. The missionaries who followed Gen. O. O. Howard, Gen. Armstrong, President Ware, President Cravath, President Braden, and other pioneers, in laying the foundation of the educational work among the freedmen of the South, were no less heroic than the brave men who followed Grant and Sherman to victory. Indeed, these missionaries only continued the work where the disbanded armies of the Republic laid it down at Appomattox Court House.

These missionaries were not concerned about the speculative questions that beset the race problem. They had a condition and not a theory to deal with, and right nobly did they deal with it. We shall search the history of

philanthropic and missionary effort in vain for a parallel to the response which the Christian men and women of the nation gave to the cry for help that went up from the Southern Macedonia immediately after the war. Men and women and money poured into the Southern States, so that of a truth might it be said that a schoolhouse was planted upon every spot where a slave-auction block had stood. And the splendid Christian sentiment which grasped the practical and pressing need of the moment, and planted these schools of learning in all the Southern States, has sustained them with lavish expenditure of personal service and money for a quarter of a century, so that to-day they represent a greater outlay than that which is contributed for the support of educational and evangelical work in any other quarter of the globe. It is impossible to estimate the value of this work upon the future of the negro race in this country, because it has made any reasonable future possible. Without it all the dark forebodings of those who "see through a glass darkly" would

have been possible. The church and the schoolhouse have made the future of the negro race identical with that of every other race-element of our population.

It has been with an abiding faith that the negro has an honorable future in this country and that that future depends almost entirely upon the church and the school, that I have sought to make the school and the church as strong in mental and moral force as the conditions would permit, and to do what I could to make the race as strong as possible in other directions necessary to successful manhood and citizenship. I have been unable to reach the conclusion that the Afro-American has a future in this country in any way different from that of any other of the many race-elements that go to make up our heterogeneous population; hence my thought and effort have been directed to the supreme business of preparing the race to meet the demands made upon them in the condition of freedom, demands essentially different from those made upon them in the condition of slavery; and it is gratifying and

encouraging to all interested in the future of the negro people that the best sentiment of the Southern States has joined forces with the best sentiment of the Northern States to sustain those engaged in this necessary work of preparation. The negro is not only given an opportunity to get a public-school and academic education, such as was never before given to a people in similar circumstances, but he has been given advantages for material development such as proves beyond a shadow of doubt that there are more people in this country, in the North and in the South, who wish him well and desire him to succeed than there are who wish him harm and desire that he may fail. Indeed, we hear much more in one way and another about the enemies of the negro race than we do about its friends; but the fact remains that the negro has friends, and plenty of them, in all sections of the country, and that if he should not succeed finally, it will not be because opportunity was denied him, but because nature withheld from him the elements of character that make for success.

I think I understand the needs and the limitations of my race, and am not given to drawing a picture of what it has accomplished, which would not stand the severest test, or of underrating what it needs to accomplish; with the facts of the situation before me, I am convinced that the race will continue to grow in mental, moral, and material force with the years, and that it will become a valuable and indispensable factor of the American citizenship. When all the facts of the race's condition at the close of the war are considered, it must be conceded by all candid men that in the condition of freedom it has not failed at all, but has made splendid use of the opportunities it has enjoyed, and that, having laid in some sort a foundation in the first quarter of a century of its freedom, so that everywhere it is a self-depending and self-supporting race, in the next quarter of a century it is fair to conclude that it will make better use of those opportunities, so that more and more it will justify the expectations of those who have stood by it in the sunshine and in the shadow,

in the calm and in the storm of life's struggle.

The future of the negro race depends more upon the negro himself than upon any other agency. He was brought to this country to serve a purpose, and he will serve it, in the time and the manner which God designed long ago, before the corner-stones of the greatest republic of all times were laid broad and deep in the greatest religious, civil, and political liberty for the individual consistent with the public good. When the negro has changed his condition, as he is doing, from one of ignorance and poverty to one of general intelligence and wealth, his color will cut a much smaller figure than it has done in the past, in affecting him in all directions in his manhood and his citizenship.

No. XIII.

Ramabai and the Women of India.

ISTORY circles around individuals, and to understand events we must study the lives of these central actors. The most prominent figure among the women of the Orient in our day is Pundita Ramabai, whose work in India is becoming so well known, and awakening such deep interest the world over.

The census of 1891 showed 289,000,000 people in India, with 625,000 more men than women, owing to the low status of woman and the murder of female infants. Those who are not starved to death or otherwise disposed of in infancy, find life so miserable that many become suicides. The men rank as "golden vessels," however defiled the vessel may be, but it is a crime to be a woman; she is but an earthen vessel, and a very unclean one. Especially is a widow despised, for her husband's death is supposed to be due to her sin.

The suttee was, therefore, deemed a fit penalty. Cattle have had hospitals, but not until fifteen years ago was a woman treated with as much consideration as a cow. Everything about that animal is sacred, even to her dung, but now only where Christ has taught the new theology of womanhood is woman respected. Widows are plenty, for every fifth woman is a widow; and although despised, they are considered good enough for servile work. When no longer able to serve, they are allowed to die like other beasts of burden. As the nightingale's eyes must be put out if it is expected to sing in its cage, education is denied to woman, and the eyes of her understanding are blinded lest she rebel against her lot. Not one in fifty can read, not to say write. Volumes have been written upon woman in India,* for in no

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*The following authorities may be consulted: Bainbridge, "Round the World Tour;" Woodside, "Woman in India;" Stewart, "Life and Work in India;" Wilkins, "Daily Life and Work in India;" Storrow, "Our Sisters in India;" Mrs. Armstrong-Hopkins, "Behind the Purdah;" "Wrongs of Indian Womanhood," *The Bombay Guardian*, etc., etc.

one country, perhaps, is woman so bound down by chains wrought of combined custom and law, caste and religion. Womanhood is crushed out because hope is abandoned by all those who enter woman's estate. Even the sacred books sanction this horrible degradation. According to these, she has no legal or social status, no rights which a man is bound to respect. She is not capable of any acts of devotion; is to obey her husband, however immoral his commands, and worship him if she would have salvation. She is an incarnation of sin and lying, and can not be believed under oath. The results of such a system of society are, *of course*, not only child marriage and polygamy, but infanticide, slavery, prostitution, and the suttee.

CHILD WIVES AND WIDOWS.

The last census taken in the presidency of Madras throws a lurid light on the terrible evils of the accursed system of child marriage in this great eastern empire. It showed 23,938 girls under four years of age, and 142,606

A Young Hindu Child Widow and Her Adopted Child.

between the ages of five and nine married; 988 baby widows under four years of age, and 4,147 girl widows between five and nine years of age. There are two ceremonies in connection with an Indian marriage. Should the bridegroom die between the first and second of these ceremonies, the little bride becomes a widow, doomed to lifelong wretchedness and ignominy. Many little girls are married to old men tottering on the verge of the grave, and this again aggravates the evil. In the Madras presidency alone are some 60,000 Brahman widows, widowed in childhood, and doomed for life to the coarse white cloak and shaven head of the woman who is cursed by the gods.

The unhappy lot of Indian widows is partially described in the following native editorial extract from the *Arya Messenger* of Dec. 1st. This paper devotes much time and thought to the glorification of everything indigenous, and its testimony regarding the sad lot of its womankind is, therefore, particularly valuable. Were a missionary to use the language of this

extract, he would at once be accused of mendacious exaggeration, or something equally terrible. The extract is thus:

"There are at present out of 6,016,759 married girls between *five* and *nine* years of age, 174,000 widows in India. These unfortunate creatures are condemned to a life of perpetual widowhood, for no fault of their own. These infants, what could they have possibly done to deserve so cruel a fate? They could have absolutely no idea of the moment when they were betrothed, and most of them could have no idea of the time when they were married. They had no hand in the choice of husbands for themselves, their parents bestowed them on whomsoever they chose, and now, before they have fairly learned to talk, they are husbandless, doomed never to know the joys of a home. It is impossible to imagine anything more heartless, anything more savage and barbarous than the treatment which has been accorded to these unhappy girls by their misguided parents. Why should they have been betrothed and wedded when mere infants, and on what

grounds can it be justified that their future shall be dark and dreary—a succession of miseries and sufferings? No law, human or Divine, can justify such a thing, and since it is an outrage upon Divine teaching and upon man's own sense of justice, it is but natural that we should suffer for it. And we do suffer for it in a thousand ways, and we know it. What can be more ridiculous, more monstrous than that while a decrepit, spent-out old man, with one foot in the grave, can marry a young girl at any time, a virgin, who is in the prime of life, who has not as yet lived in the world one-fifth the time the old man has, should be absolutely denied the right of taking some young man as husband! The *father* of a widow of eight or nine years old may marry again when he chooses, but the poor girl herself must never! This is a state of things which exists nowhere else under the sun."

There is no real family life in India. There could not be when Hindu philosophy teaches that, "He is a fool who considers his wife his

friend." A few extracts from a Hindu catechism give some idea of the basis for the ill-treatment of Indian women:

What is the chief gate to hell? Woman.

What is cruel? The heart of a viper.

What is more cruel? The heart of a woman.

What is most cruel of all? The heart of a soulless, penniless widow.

What poison is that which appears like a nectar? Woman.

The marriage of girls to *Khandoba* is a custom which, like sodomy, can not be treated in plain words, as it belongs among the things of which it is "a shame to speak." Suffice it to say that it implies a devotement to a life of vice as a *murli*, and reminds one of the similar customs connected with the rites of Venus and Bacchus. Parents lend themselves to these nameless horrors, and additions to the Indian penal code have been directed to the mitigation, if not abolition, of these enormities.

THE STORY OF RAMABAI.

Ramabai is a middle-aged woman, with

black hair; she is slightly deaf, and a quiet atmosphere of power invests her. She talks with intelligence, and is heard everywhere with profound interest—the more so as the facts of her life are known.

This woman has a romantic history. Her mother was herself a child-bride, wedded to a widower at nine years of age, and taken to a home nine hundred miles away. Ramabai learned many lessons from her mother's lips, who would not marry her in infancy, and so "throw her into the well of ignorance." Her father, who was an educated Brahman priest, had her taught Sanskrit and trained her well. He lost all his property, and, after enduring fearful suffering with his wife and eldest daughter, fell a victim to the awful famine of twenty-five years ago—1874–77. Everything of value was sold for bread, and then even the necessities of life had to yield before its extremities; and the day came when the last handful of coarse rice was gone, and death stared them in the face. They went into the forest to die there, and for eleven days and

nights subsisted on water and leaves and wild dates, until the father, who wanted to drown himself in the sacred tank, died of fever, as also the mother and sister. The father's dying prayers for Ramabai were, indeed, addressed to the unknown God, but have been answered by the true God, who heard the supplications of a sincere but misguided father. Then the brother and Ramabai found their way to Calcutta, where they were scarcely better off, being still half starved, and for four years longer endured scarcity. There this brother also died—a very strange preparation for the life-work to which God called Ramabai. When twenty-two years old, her parents being dead, in a period of famine, during which she suffered both for lack of food and clothing, as well as shelter, she learned a lesson which prepared her to sympathize with others who suffered. Life's sorrows and privations became a reality.

Left thus alone, her beauty and culture won her the coveted title, *saravasti*, and attracted to her friends and admirers. Finally she mar-

ried a Bengali gentleman, and for about eighteen months was happy in her new home, a baby girl being given her. But her husband's death introduced a new experience of sorrow. The world was before her and her child, and two grave questions confronted her: First, how shall I get a living? and second, what shall I do for others?

Ramabai, being thus early left a widow, began to know the real horror of a Hindu widow's lot, and resolved to undertake, as her life mission, to relieve this misery and poverty. Her heart kindled with love for these 25,000,000 child widows and deserted wives, who know no happiness; who are often half starved, are doomed to perpetual widowhood, and to whom their departed husbands are practically gods to be worshiped.

At the age of twenty Ramabai went to England, where she heard the Voice that called Abraham to go out, not knowing whither, and like him she obeyed. There she was converted to Christ, and baptized in 1883. She taught Sanskrit in the ladies' college at Cheltenham,

her purposes for life meanwhile taking definite shape.

About twelve years ago she visited America, where she found friends disposed to help her start a school for high-caste widows in Bombay. She began with two pupils, but, despite opposition and ridicule, she went on with her God-appointed mission, and now has over 400 pupils, and a property worth $60,000, embracing a hundred acres, cultivated by them. About 225 girls have been brought to Christ, and many have been trained for useful work, happily married, or otherwise profitably employed. In nine years Pundita Ramabai has received upward of $91,000 for the work. For a time her attitude was negative and neutral as regards Christianity, but her work is now distinctly evangelical and Christian. Love is its atmosphere, and unselfish labor for those who are in need, as is shown by the opening of her doors lately to welcome 300 famine orphans. Through help obtained in England and the United States she built at Poona a building, and opened

a school called Sharada Sadan (Abode of Wisdom).

In 1896, hearing of the famine desolating the central provinces, she made arrangements for the fifty or more widows to be cared for at Poona, and went to the famine district resolved to rescue at least 300 girls from death; and these became her own, under her control, to be brought up as she pleased. Within two years nearly one-third of this number had accepted Christ. These were placed on the farm at Kedgaun, about thirty-four miles from Poona.

One must have lived in India and gone through a famine experience to understand the facts. Government poorhouses and relief camps she found to be inadequate; even where the bodies were sheltered and fed, the soul was in danger from the character of those who were employed as mukadams, managers, etc. She found young girls "kept" for immoral purposes in these government shelters, where virtue was presumably also in shelter; and when the deputy commissioner was told of the

facts, like Gallio, he "cared for none of these things." Ramabai says that young women had to sell their virtue to save themselves from starvation. British soldiers often oppose missionary labor because it breaks up this infernal traffic in virtue. Dr. Kate Bushnell and Mrs. Andrew exposed the doings of high military officers, and further exposures are feared where godly women have freedom to work.

During the late famine, when Poona was abandoned, Ramabai was supporting 372 girls, of whom 337 were in Kedgaun, at the farm, while the rest were at different places. When this farm was bought, embracing 100 acres, the government would not allow dormitories to be put up. Ramabai's reply was, "I will build a barn for bullocks and grain." She went on and put up a large building, and by the time it was completed, she had permission to put girls in it instead of cattle. Thus she stored it with "grain for the Lord." That "cattle-shed" became a shelter for 200 famine widows, and later served as schoolhouse, chapel, dormitory, etc. Temporary shelters

One of Ramabai's School Buildings at Poona.

were also erected and the new settlement was called Mukti (Salvation).

The work at Mukti is constantly growing, and has the growing confidence of intelligent and Christian people. The new buildings now completed are already insufficient to accommodate the inmates, and new buildings will be put up as fast as the Lord sends means. The heart of this godly woman travails for souls, and she can not see the misery and poverty about her without yearning to relieve it. A few poor women, ruined by vice and terribly diseased, are housed for the time in separate *chuppee* huts, until a home for such can be provided.

This home is not a place of idleness, but a hive of industry. Education for the mind, salvation for the soul, and occupation for the body is the threefold law; washing and weaving, cooking and sweeping, growing grain and grinding it, flower culture and fruit raising—these are some of the industries in which the girls are trained, and which contribute to their self-support.

The teachers are *exclusively Christian*, and the settlement is a truly missionary center. Miss Abrams, who superintended the work in Ramabai's absence, gives her whole time to it, giving Bible instruction in the school, and supervising the village work. She had only to suggest to students a pledge like that of the student volunteers, and *thirty-five* at once offered to follow any leading of God into mission work. A score of neighboring villages are already accessible to the Gospel, and crowds gather around Miss Abrams and her Gospel women.

The Holy Spirit works with Ramabai. The girls show real sorrow for sin, and hunger after salvation. Then when they are saved, they become witnesses, and in their own simple way tell of forgiveness and cleansing. In the hospital there are also frequent manifestations of God's healing power.

When she set up her school in Poona Ramabai made no efforts at proselyting the inmates; but some five or six years ago twelve or thirteen of them, won to Christ by her un-

selfish love, renounced heathenism, and were baptized into Christ. Poona was greatly aroused by such an event, and for a time it seemed as though the home itself would be reduced to a ruin. Ramabai called a public meeting, and undertook to explain why these widows had accepted Christ. The streets were thronged with people, and a crowd of young men filled the hall where she was to speak. Without a sign of anxiety, Ramabai stood up to address them. She spoke of the moral and spiritual slavery of the Hindus; how incapable they are of helping themselves, while they are asking for political freedom; how unhappy their family life is, and especially how miserable is the lot of their women. Then, holding up the Marathi Bible, she said:

"I will read to you now what is the reason of all your misery, degradation, and helplessness; it is your separation from the living God!" It was growing dark, and she asked one of the excited Hindu youths to bring a lamp that she might read. Without a moment's hesitation he obeyed. After reading

some passages, she began to speak of the conversions of the widows, and then said: "Your view of my actions can not influence me in the least, nor can your threatenings frighten me. You like to be slaves; I am free! Christ, the truth, has made me free." The excitement was tremendous, and the Brahmans only restrained themselves with difficulty; but they heard her out to the end in dead silence, and allowed her to walk uninjured through their ranks to her home.

The storm passed away, and the home remained undisturbed—sheltering some sixty women, and training them for lives of usefulness. The Sharada Sadan is still a secular school, but Mukti is distinctly Christian, though unsectarian.

Pundita Ramabai has made two visits to this country. Once ten or eleven years ago, when she came to ask aid, and again, more recently, when she came to give account of her stewardship. During this decade of years the Ramabai circles had sent her upward of 80,000 dollars. Fifty thousand dollars of this she

had invested in property, free from debt, and over 350 high-caste widows have already enjoyed the benefits of her school, and are now filling various places of self-support and service.

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